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## Events of the Week.

WHAT may prove to be one of the decisive struggles of the war is being fought out on the crest of the Carpathians. The Russians have now brought up to the front the army released from investing Przemyśl. They are pressing their attacks with the utmost vigor, and the German newspapers shake their heads over the prodigal expenditure of men in these Russian attacks, adding, however, the rueful admission that the Russians have endless reserves. The fighting is being pressed at three or four passes simultaneously—the Dukla, Lupkow, and Uzsok Passes especially. From the Dukla Pass they are gradually working West towards Bartfeld; from the Lupkow Pass, or points near it (for the pass-head is still in Austrian possession), they are heading East, along a branch railway to Cisna. These two advances are rapid and extremely promising. Rather slower is the progress about the Uzsok Pass, where the enemy is in great force on the northern slopes.

THERE is no doubt that the Russians would have been far beyond the summit line by now if they had only Austrian opposition to meet. But the Germans are believed to have brought six corps to this front, and they are supposed to be bringing more. Their offensive at every other point of the Eastern front is arrested, in order to meet the Russian invasion. Their *communiqués* are relatively candid, admitting what they describe as "local successes" on the part of the Russians. One of

these amounted, in point of fact, to a Russian advance of sixteen miles, and the Russian reports mention every day the capture of thousands of prisoners. The main fact is now that "all the summits of the principal chain of the Beskid Mountains" are in the hands of the Russians. The lower southern spurs have yet to be taken, and in some directions they are a regular labyrinth. But the pace of the advance seems to quicken, and the moment may be near when the Russians will be able to deploy great armies on a broad front to overrun Hungary.

WHEN once the Hungarian plains are reached the superiority of numbers which the Russians can bring to bear is bound to tell promptly. The front is far too long to admit of a defence by interminable lines of trenches on the model of the Western front. The Germans could not attempt that without either retreating from Poland, or shortening their lines in the West. The invasion of Hungary would precipitate some sort of decision in the East, and if Germany continued to assist her unlucky Ally, it would be at the cost of her own defence. The effect on the hesitating neutrals might also be prompt; they would tend, in M. Cambon's phrase, to "rush to the succor of the victor." Rumor is busy with the story that Austria is seeking a separate peace. That may be an anticipation, but anything is possible when once the Russians are well over the Carpathians.

THE chief activity on the western front has revolved this week round Verdun. The Germans had thrown a few shells on one of its outer forts, and this may have stimulated the French to concentrate their attention on this quarter. It is a rather general belief among military men that when the Germans attempt their big offensive stroke this spring, it will be towards Verdun. Certainly a success there, if it could be won, would pay them best. At present the German lines stretch like a sort of forceps from Metz northward into the Argonne woods, and southward through the Woevre to St. Mihiel. The French have shown great activity against this southern arm, and have won some ground at several points. The weather has not been propitious, and the heavy clay soil of the Woevre has made any advance very difficult. It is still a "nibbling" advance, but it is going on against all the positions that threaten Verdun, and may turn out to be a move hardly less important than the big battles in Champagne and at Neuve Chapelle.

THE results of this movement round Verdun were summed up in the French *communiqué* of Thursday night. The German lines facing Verdun from the East and North-East, some twelve miles long, have been forced back everywhere for about a mile, here less and there more. The fiercest fighting was at Les Eparges, on the heights of the Meuse, south of Verdun. Here over a thousand German dead have been counted on the ground, and the fighting continues with a success that amounts to what the *communiqué* calls "a bound in advance." The capture of the greater part of the big wood of Ailly marks the beginning of an encroachment on the strong German wedge position of St. Mihiel. In the

Southern Woevre the advance has been about two miles, on a front of nearly five miles. The German news in no way minimizes the extent and persistence of this French activity, though it admits a small advance here and there only very grudgingly, and dwells on the heaviness of French losses.

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THE French Staff has published some very striking statistics of the losses of the German corps of officers. On a peace footing the German army has, on the active list, on the reserve, and in the Landwehr, some 52,805 officers. Their total losses in killed, wounded, and missing officers, as shown by their own casualty lists, is, so far, 31,276, including nearly 10,000 killed. The infantry has lost 26,753 officers as against 33,154, the total on a peace footing. It must not be assumed that the officers' corps has really been depleted quite to this extent. The casualties, of course, include the officers of new formations, and a large number of "One-Year Volunteers," who have been promoted since the outbreak of the war. But even with this necessary deduction, and allowing for the return of lightly wounded officers, it probably does mean that Germany has lost nearly half her professional officers. We all know how terribly heavy our own losses in officers have been; these figures show that our experience has been surpassed.

\* \* \*

THE King has announced that no alcoholic drink is to be consumed in his household until the war is over. His example has been followed by Lord Kitchener and by several public men, including Lord Brassey and Lord Sydenham, by well-known religious leaders, and by a number of men of letters. It is generally believed that Ministers and leading members of the Opposition will take the same course. The King's action has been widely appreciated here and in the Colonies, and it is interesting to note the special stress laid on it in the Indian newspapers. The first outburst of sentiment in favor of prohibition has been followed by a discussion of less drastic remedies, and there is a general feeling that only such measures should be taken as will command the assent of all classes.

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THE tone and substance of the American reply to our Order in Council gives excellent proof of the wisdom of Sir Edward Grey's interpretation of that Order. Our difficulty is that we have proclaimed a new kind of blockade, unsupported by a law of contraband, and upsetting, among other things, the Declaration of Paris and the doctrine of free ships making free goods. In its absolute form this policy would have meant an almost indiscriminate stoppage, not only of direct trade to and from Germany, but of neutral trade in all goods which our officers had reason to think had Germany as its real origin. We have no doubt at all that a good deal of this latter kind of traffic exists, and that under it great stores have been poured into Germany under various neutral flags—especially, we may say, the flag of Sweden. But obviously such a hastily constructed code is open to divers interpretations. If the orders to the fleet were over-rigid, it might become a general nuisance to neutrals. If they are fairly elastic, innocent neutral trade need not seriously be interfered with. Clearly, the latter course has been taken, to the obvious advantage that it blunts the force of the American protest.

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THE American Note is friendly, both in form and intention. As the chief neutral State, America states the case of neutral sea-traders under pre-war codes, and admits legitimate exceptions such as the right of visit

and search, the right to capture and condemn a neutral ship carrying contraband intended for the enemies' Governments and armies, the right of blockading the enemies' ports and coasts, and the right of capturing the breaker of the blockade and of detaining ships on suspicion. In fairness, we think she should have added to this statement the fact that our new blockade is milder than the old, in so far as it substitutes the detention of ships for their confiscation. Subject to these exceptions, America insists on the preservation of historic neutral rights on the ground that it would be unneutral for her to admit our claim to interfere with them.

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On the same ground of precedent, she also objects to our blockade of neutral ports and coasts, while admitting that the days of "close" blockade are over, and pleads for the free passage of lawful traffic through our cruiser-cordons. She also suggests that even if the German practice is wrong, the British Government ought not to commit a similar wrong. This, of course, it has not done, for no possible "similarity" exists between the detention and examination of ships and cargoes to which we deny free passage and Germany's ruthless slaying of non-combatants—sailors and passengers—and her destruction of neutral or non-combatant ships.

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THE main admission of the American Note, however, is quite as important as its charges. It quotes with gratification Sir Edward Grey's statements: (1) That the Prize Courts are given wide discretion in dealing with neutral trade; (2) that the effect of the Order in Council depends on the administrative orders to our fleets; (3) that these orders will counsel "dispatch" and "consideration" in dealing with neutral ships. The American Government, therefore, "confidently" expects that these orders will be so enforced as not to violate "neutral rights" or hamper "legitimate trade," and that American merchantmen will not be interfered with when it is known that they are not carrying contraband or goods meant for or coming from belligerent ports. On these grounds no quarrel can arise. But our Government will, of course, be bound to stop ships which our officers strongly believe to be carrying German goods through neutral ports. That is one of the objects of our new sea-policy. But the method of securing it will obviously be fair and elastic. Some traffic will go through, other traffic will be stopped. Probably we shall aim at dealing with flagrant instances, so as at once to maximize our siege of Germany and to minimize the trouble with neutrals.

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As an excuse for the brutality shown in the sinking of the "Falaba," the German Admiralty makes the amazing defence that British merchant ships have lately shown much "malignity" towards the German submarines. In the words of Buffon: "Cet animal est très méchant; quand on l'attaque il se défend." It is, therefore, unsafe for the submarines to show any mercy. But, in point of fact, the "Falaba" was not armed and, however malignant, did not defend herself when attacked. She only tried to run away. When overtaken, she was allowed only five minutes, a wholly insufficient time for the crew to get the passengers into the boats, and a torpedo was actually fired while the boats were on the davits. Several British merchant vessels have been sunk this week, but in most instances the crews, with some few casualties, were saved. The worst case was that of the French steamer "Emma," torpedoed without warning off Beachy Head; two only of her crew of twenty-one were saved. The British ship "Seven Seas" lost nine of her



crew of seventeen. It is believed in Italy that an Italian collier, the "Luigi Parodi," has been torpedoed in the Atlantic. The commander of the cruiser "Eitel Friedrich" has decided to allow his ship to be interned in American custody.

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MEANWHILE, we hope that the Government will take care that our merchant marine is specially remembered for its services. Its recruiting has, as we stated the other week, been absolutely unaffected by the submarine attacks. Its crews never refuse to sign-on on this account. The suggestion of a special medal for the officers and crews of the ships attacked who have given proof of bravery and sturdiness is not all that is wanted. The men who suffer the loss of kits and possessions should be handsomely compensated, and the lost clothing promptly replaced. The few cases of death or injury obviously call for pensions and allowances on the scale of allotments to the regular navy.

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THE name of M. Bédier gives great authority to the compilation of German atrocities which has just been issued in Paris. It appears to consist only of original documents from German sources, attested by photographs. We pass over the soldiers' letters, which are horrifying, in order to fix attention on the charge against General Stenger, the commander of the 58th German Brigade, of publishing the following order of the day to his troops on August 26th last:—

"After to-day no more prisoners will be taken. All prisoners are to be killed. Wounded, with or without arms, are to be killed. Even prisoners already grouped in convoys are to be killed. Let not a single living enemy remain behind us."

If this is not a forgery, it is a dishonor to the entire German army.

\* \* \*

A MYSTERIOUS raid or rising on the Serbo-Bulgarian frontier near Strumitza has fortunately passed without causing any serious political difficulties. The Serbian version of the affair was that two thousand Bulgarian comitadjis (a thousand in the Balkans means a hundred), under Bulgarian officers, crossed the frontier, attacked Serbian outposts, captured two guns, and attempted to destroy the Nish-Salonica railway, which is Serbia's one source of supply. The Bulgarian version is that the inhabitants, mainly Turks, of this region of Serbian Macedonia, rose in rebellion against the Serbs, attacked the Serbian police and outposts, and fought their way over the frontier to the sanctuary of Bulgarian territory. The truth probably lies between the two versions. The irregulars in question were mainly Turks, and seem to have been under Young Turkish leadership. Their leaders probably first of all gathered on Bulgarian soil, then crossed into Serbian Macedonia, and availed themselves of the local discontent (aggravated by a recent attempt to enlist the Turks in the Serbian army) to raise a rebellion. How far Bulgarian insurgents shared in the enterprise is uncertain, but the initiative seems to have come from Turkish agents, acting probably at Austrian instigation. While the Bulgarian authorities may have been wanting in vigilance, there is no evidence that they encouraged this adventure, and it should be remembered that Strumitza is the remotest and least accessible point of the new Bulgarian territory, which has no railway, and is almost roadless.

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A HOT controversy is raging in Greece over the conditions under which M. Venezelos proposed to join the

Triple Entente. He has always been less inclined than the King to a reckless anti-Bulgarian policy. The memoranda which he has published show that in return for an assurance that the Allies would allow Greece to acquire the rich and populous Smyrna-Aidin region of Asia Minor, with its large Greek population, he was prepared to reconstitute the Balkan League if Bulgaria would also enter it actively. Greece would withdraw her veto on the cession of Serbian Macedonia to Bulgaria, and would, on her own part, surrender to Bulgaria the rich tobacco country of Drama and Sari-Shaban, with the port of Kavalla. This was a generous concession, but as M. Venezelos points out, Greece would by the bargain double her own territory by expanding in Asia Minor, and the opportunity is never likely to recur. M. Venezelos believed that the King had at one moment assented to his proposal, but this the King denies, and the controversy is now so bitter that M. Venezelos threatens to withdraw from politics altogether.

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THE Greek Court and the Gounaris Ministry are apparently prepared to sacrifice the future of the Greek race and the peace of the Balkans for the sake of a race feud against the Bulgarians. Not only will they concede nothing to Bulgaria, but they veto any appreciable concession by Serbia. It is an attitude so impracticable that one marvels at its survival in face of the prospect of acquiring Smyrna. It is good news that Mr. Fitzmaurice, lately chief dragoman at the Constantinople Embassy, has been sent to Sofia (where our Minister was not *persona grata* with the Bulgarians) on a special mission. The task of bringing the Balkan States into line is, however, hopeless, unless Serbia can be induced to surrender Macedonia hypothetically, on the understanding that she obtains Bosnia. From Petrograd comes the news that the Assembly of the Nobility has unanimously demanded that Russia shall annex Constantinople.

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THE Annual Conference of the Independent Labor Party has been held this week at Norwich. There was some difficulty in getting a hall for meeting, but this difficulty, we are glad to say, was surmounted, and the members of the Conference spoke their minds freely on the questions of the war. On the war the party itself is, of course, divided, and there was a sharp difference over the conduct of Labor Members in addressing recruiting meetings. One of the members so attacked, Mr. Clynes, who was absent, sent a letter presenting his critics with a dilemma. The party, he said, agreed that Belgium must be set free. But if it condemned those who helped to get recruits, it willed the end while disowning the means, for nobody thought that Germany would yield of her own sweet will. If we remember rightly, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald himself wrote a letter of encouragement to a recruiting meeting at Leicester, so that those who escape this censure must be very few. Mr. Clynes also put the point that the I.L.P. were the friends of the weak and the oppressed, and that on this ground they would give their support to Belgium. On Labor questions at home the party did not contribute very much, though Mr. Jowett, in his thoughtful opening speech, laid emphasis on the duties of that party in this connection.

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THE number of French troops actually in the fighting line is 2,500,000, and not, as was stated in our columns last week by a clerical error, 1,250,000. The latter figure is the total of the reserves available in the dépôts.

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE FALSE POLICY AND THE TRUE.

IN the great controversy of the hour there are, I think, two classes of our countrymen—I speak of the mass rather than the elect—whose views are of consequence to the body and the soul of the nation. The first class I distinguish as being absorbed by the immediate duties of the war. What it sees it sees clearly and well. It realizes that, within the bosom of civilization, has arisen a spirit inimical to its peace, and at issue with its finest conceptions. The times are humane; and this temper is perversely inhuman. The world had just grasped the issue of a fuller and richer life for all; and the nation whose special boast was in this true fruit of "culture" has dashed it to the ground. It had begun to build up a code for the prevention of war, and this same highly organized, richly endowed State tramples upon it. To re-establish this wreck, to save for the world-order what it possesses, and to assure its future, hundreds of thousands of young lives, obeying no clear call of the intellect, have been and will be laid on the altar. For them life's joys and illusions lie buried in shallow graves in France or Flanders. But their trust passes on to the survivors—the non-combatants, the elders, and the new recruits. To this remaining stuff of the nation two thoughts of worth and solemnity appeal. Those who are gone have still their spiritual part in the cause for which they died; those who are to come must not be sacrificed because of its failure. The war is a gigantic evil. What if it leaves nothing but evil in its train? Let us therefore lay the spirit that provoked it, until not only England breathes again, but by slow degrees the world is restored to some semblance of that service of mutual trust and goodwill which is no other than the normal life of man.

Thus speaks the great part of the British nation, and, in my view, speaks well. No country could survive that lost the tough organic instinct of resistance to mortal peril. But in this war we must think, not only of the actual conflict, but of what will come after it. All Europe and her dependencies are stakes in it. And war is not an end in itself; peace is the end. Thus a second class amongst us powerfully realizes the fact that if the wrong kind of peace is negotiated, the war will not be truly finished, but an infection of war may be set up, such as plagued the Europe of the first half of the seventeenth century. Assuming the victory of the Allies—and we need assume nothing worse—it is possible to contemplate two feasible forms of settlement. We can envisage an ordinary peace, under which Germany will be shorn and mulcted for the diplomatic sins of her rulers and the gross inhumanity of their conduct of the war. We can then return to the principle of the Balance of Power, under which, with the possible assistance of Italy, we shall reconstitute the Entente, with the special task of watching and thwarting the reconstruction of the Teutonic Power. That reconstruction will come, possibly on lines that will add to it ten more millions; and the only open problem will be the maintenance of the countering force in its present integrity. Mechanical

statesmanship may believe in such an evolution; the man of imagination will not. Under such a strain of effort and suspense, he will foresee in the peoples a state of indignant suffering and revolt. He will look for no revival of hope and credit—the vital elements, moral and material, of social reconstruction. He will survey a world self-condemned to anarchy, to the loss of reason in polity and all helpful intercourse among the great States. He therefore turns to an opposite political conception, never long lost to human thought, though never embodied in a satisfying shape.

What is this conception? It is the old one of individual justice applied to the conduct of nations in their relation to each other. Let us premise that the settlement must be just, in the sense that it will represent a deliberate attempt to restore content to Europe by eradicating the evil that lost her her peace. There have been three great storm-centres in modern Europe—Alsace-Lorraine, the Balkans, and Poland. All of them embody a defeated national spirit, provoked by war, or oppression, or unjust settlements following on war. It is within the power and the province of the Allies to cure or mitigate all of them, if they apply, so far as the size and homogeneity of the units allow and the force of their peoples will permit, the general principle of regard for national culture, religion, aspirations to freedom or self-government, and fair economic opportunity, subject to the need for union in some greater Zollverein. To proclaim this principle, and to apply it to friend and foe, with equity and without fanaticism, and also with due regard to the claims of States to possess adequate defensive frontiers, will represent as great an advance in statesmanship as this war is a retrogression from the best faith and practice of mankind. Thus we ought no more to dream of severing Bremen or Hamburg from Germany than we need hesitate to lop away French Lorraine. But at once we stumble on an obstacle. Faith is lost to humanity; Germany's repudiation of the Treaty of 1839, and the ripping of her sword through the Hague Conventions, have demoralized Europe; and however fair the settlement, the stubborn temper of her Prussian overlords may well harden into a spirit of brooding revenge.

Against this menace two possible bulwarks exist. The Liberal nations of Europe can form themselves into an alliance for the preservation, not only of the settlement, but of the ensuing reign of public law against which the special forms and pretensions of Teutonic militarism are at war. Such a combination of the progressive nations would have, as its leading forces, England, France, and Italy, with, one hopes, a coalition of the smaller Continental Powers—Norway, Denmark, Sweden (if she can be detached from mere pro-Germanism), Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland. Against such a League, any future attempt to break down the outlying flanks of European liberty in the West might well fail. But there would still remain the problem of Austro-Germany and of Russia. We should have great faith in the centripetal power of a League of Democratic States. Would an after-war Germany, presented in her closed factories and ruined sea-trade with the example of



what militarism had done for her, be drawn in? That would depend partly on the terms of peace, and also on the degree to which a Liberal League of the Western Powers would be adequate to the rescue of a half-starved and wholly disorganized Continent, sundered by hate, and the mechanical and economic equivalents of hate, and yet wanting above all things the means of unity and concord.

It is for this reason that the minds of thinkers incline to the wider ideal of a United States of Europe, represented by a Standing Council of States, great and small. Under such an ensign most of the existing national sovereignties could survive and serve, and new sources of trouble, political, racial, and economic, be continually foreseen and provided for. To this ideal, we observe from an interesting analysis in the American "Survey," ten groups of peacemakers—British, German, American, or Dutch in origin—(including one woman's society) subscribe. These associations suggest in various phrases—such as the "establishment of a juridical tribunal by all States," "a European Concert, with representative Council," "a League of Peace," based on treaty, and guaranteeing the subscribing States against "attack from within or without the League," an "International Congress, with legislative and administrative powers"—the creation of some central governing force.\* Such a world-State must clearly spring from a large and honest settlement of national rights. It would include a Russia which had restored autonomy to Poland; a Germany that had relinquished the provinces she tore from France; an Austria that had done justice to the Slavs she retained, and to the young Slav Power that she planned to ruin; a Serbia that had come to an honorable peace with Bulgaria in Macedonia. It must be ensured against the violation of the sovereignty it would claim, for its founders could have no other aim than to close the cycle of European wars. And it might finally include North and South America as the Powers which, in these days of world-commerce and world-communication, form the complement of our State system, and before many years have flown, will have attained an economic influence strong enough to veto a second European war. Force indeed it might not be able to do without. But the force of which it stood in need would be police force, rather than aggressive force, minimum force rather than the present exhausting embattlement of the manhood and the wealth of a Continent.

I therefore set the idea of insurance against all war above the notion of an inconclusive peace with an enemy that is not beaten and does not think itself beaten. We want no injustice done to Germany. But neither do we want to see Germany left with the power to repeat the act of injustice of which she has been guilty, or to leave intact the structure of egoistic polity from which came her "war on two fronts" for the mastery of Eastern and Western Europe. Nothing is here but the letting out of new waters of strife, until, in their passionate assemblage, the current of our State life is broken into a thousand eddies of confusion. If, therefore, it be true that nothing less

\*For a brilliant and moving elaboration of this idea see Mr. Lowes Dickinson's pamphlet "After the War."

than ruin assails us—ruin of religion, of science, of democracy—ruin of a world to whom war, as it is fought under a system of universal service, is no passing fever but a lasting impoverishment of the blood—the victorious Power must act not merely for its friends and fellow-warriors, but for civilization itself. And though England is bound by her promise to her allies to conclude a common treaty of peace, such a compact in no way deprives her of her character as a progressive and conciliatory Power.

To that end we must both use and trust the instruments that we possess. I believe that the ideas I have roughly outlined have a friend in Sir Edward Grey. I am sure that the end of the war will find him in a position of unexampled authority either to thwart or to forward them. But modern statesmen have only limited powers. They are representatives. And what they convey and embody is not ideal thought, but such thought as filters to them through a thousand channels of popular feeling, as well as through the formal medium of Parliament. If the deep horror and fear of war, which as the months go on will deepen in the populations of Europe, merely runs with us into a kind of shallow and tricky pro-Germanism, our "advanced" men will have no voice in its settlement. This is the danger of bodies like the Independent Labor Party, which hesitates between its true task of building up right views about the peace and the false idea of excusing the act of Germany in provoking war. The society which would publish a tract like "How the War Came" merely shuts out the important truths of the hour. Any wrong can be minimized, any wrong-doer excused, by reference to the faults of others. But on such a plan no responsibility, and therefore no moral judgment, will ever lie. We want more expert thinking than this. Militarism is a general evil, but its most dangerous, because its most self-confident and scientifically organized exponent, was and is military Germany. Nothing can be done until that force realizes that even a non-military nation like ourselves can wear and bear it down. But the moment when that capital point has been reached, two parties will arise in Europe and in Britain. One will be for a conventional peace, good for any number of future wars, and based on schemes of casual spoliation or half-hearted reparation and adjustment; the other will demand guarantees for the future life of the world. The latter is essentially what we want. And that, if the country is wise, is what it will ask Sir Edward Grey to secure.

H. W. M.

#### DRINK AND THE ARMAMENT WORKERS.

It is evident from the discussion in the newspapers that the country is coming to see that the deputation of employers who interviewed Mr. Lloyd George last week were only presenting one aspect of a large problem. These employers put it that delays and irregularities in the production of munitions were due to drink; not to drunkenness, but to the consumption of spirits on such a scale as to impair efficiency and punctuality. This view they supported by some strong statistics, showing that the

takings of public-houses were increasing. Mr. Lloyd George was tempted to respond in a tone which suggested that these statements settled the question. We should rather have expected him, considering the spirit in which he acted in forming an Advisory Council of Workmen, to ask for the opinion of the trade unions concerned on the whole subject, and if he had done so, we think he would have seen that to treat drinking as the sole hindrance to despatch and promptness in turning out ships and guns is the same kind of statesmanship as that of the Poor Law Commissioners of 1834, who traced great and complex system of evils to a single indirect cause.

Doubtless Mr. Lloyd George will now revert to the general diplomatic method of his statesmanship and take the workmen into his counsels. What is the position? It is of paramount importance to the nation, to its Allies, and to the causes for which they are fighting that we should put every ounce of our energy and power into the production of war material. Failure or delay in this task spells death, wounds, misery, ruin, for countless lives and homes. On that we are all agreed. Now there are two ways of regarding the mass of workers on whose exertions success depends. We may regard them as the servants of their employers, or we may regard them as citizens, responsible partners in the struggles and perils of the State. Our way of treating the problem will depend on our way of looking at its human elements. The armament employers, with some notable exceptions, take the first view. They come to the State and say, "If you want to have rapid, regular, and efficient production, you must increase our power over our workmen. What is it that spoils and delays our plans? The prejudices of trade unionism, and the lazy and drinking habits of the working-man." This has always been the point of view of a majority of employers, and a century and a half ago Adam Smith found it necessary to protest against it, startling some of his contemporaries with the discovery that what was wrong with the working-man was not that he did not work hard enough, but that he was terribly apt to work too hard. The representations of the employers last week have been followed by revelations from other employers of experience, which show how dangerous it is to form hasty conclusions from such evidence as that submitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Of the letter that Sir Benjamin Browne sent to the "Times" last Saturday it is no exaggeration to say that it is more instructive and significant than all those statements put together. Sir Benjamin Browne points out that there are grave dangers in the excessive working hours that are now the rule, and he reminds his fellow-employers that to get the best work over a long period out of a man, it is essential not to overtire him. Mr. Cole, in the important article that we published last week, put this same point, calling attention to the alarming increase in the number of trade unionists who are now on sick benefit in consequence of the special pressure.

For at this point we come up against one of the difficulties that confront a nation when it is trying to carry out a great national task by machinery that

serves the quite different ends of private enterprise. To the employer, by tradition and instinct, the workman is an instrument, and it is the exceptionally enlightened and far-seeing employer who sets his face against the policy of "getting the most out of him," without regard to his permanent prospects of health or life. Speeding-up is, therefore, a natural device. Certain armament firms are well known for an elaborate system of supervision, designed to keep men on the strain. But men cannot continue in this state long without some kind of stimulant, and this system drives men to the bottle. In one sense the impression given by the proceedings last week is an impression of calumny on the armament workers, who are thought of summarily as a drinking set. Yet in point of fact could any average set of British brain-workers, be they Cabinet Ministers or journalists, barristers or merchants, be trusted to work under those conditions without taking more whiskey (or some other form of narcotic) than is consistent with unbroken efficiency?

Let us now put this whole view on one side, and approach the question as believers in the contrary method of treating the armament workers as fellow-citizens. In that case we shall first of all insist on eliminating the element of private profit. These men must know that they are not working themselves out simply that certain rich people may become still richer. That done, we shall call the workmen into conference. The employers asked for the relaxation of Trade Union rules. This has been conceded on terms designed to protect the permanent principles of Trade Unionism, though, as Mr. Cole has shown, those terms need to be stiffened and defined. In return, why should not the workmen be given a share in the settlement of the question of production? They are as directly concerned as anybody else in the war and its fortunes, not merely as Britons, but as fathers and brothers of the men in the trenches. They are men accustomed to make sacrifices for causes. Let them be consulted on the best method of increasing and improving production, with special regard to their health and comfort; let them be asked where pressure should be relaxed, what would be the best arrangement of shifts, how working life in this fever of industry can be made less exhausting and less exacting.

On each of these questions the opinion of the Secretary of the Boilermakers' Society is worth at least as much as the opinion of any of the gentlemen who waited on Mr. Lloyd George. Modern students of Trade Unionism differ on many questions, but they agree on this, that whatever else the organized producers should or should not be allowed to control, they should have a predominant influence in determining the conditions of their employment. Let us apply this principle boldly, and see its effect on the enthusiasm and energy of men treated in this spirit. The miners have given up their Bank Holiday, and the Woolwich men have admittedly rendered exemplary service to the nation. The men on the Tyne and the Clyde are not essentially different. They are working under great stress and great difficulties, and the best way to enable them to overcome these difficulties and to bear that strain is to invite them to help the nation with their advice and co-operation. They have worked



hard for several months, leading a life that some of their critics would not endure for twenty-four hours, and the excesses of some have been treated as the fault of the whole class. Government itself is not without blame for the evil that has occurred. They have put a heavy tax on beer, and driven people to drink spirits, while neglecting to compel the monopolists to supply good beer or good spirits. But the drink question is only one aspect of the question that the Government has to settle in the armament factories. It has to find out the conditions under which work can be carried out most successfully, and the way to find that out is to give the workmen themselves power and responsibility.

#### GERMAN AND BRITISH FINANCE.

As Great Britain is the financial and industrial stay of the Allied Powers, so is Germany of Austria and Turkey. In an industrial sense France was sadly crippled by its original failure to hold back the Germans, and from its subsequent failure to drive them out of Roubaix, Lille, and other important manufacturing and mining districts. How, therefore, do the two great commercial Powers stand on the ground of financial strength? Industrially and mechanically, Germany is a fair match for Great Britain; but when it comes to financing a war so prodigiously costly as this, her relative superiority as compared with Austria sinks into complete inferiority as compared with Great Britain. The test of this inferiority is simple. It lies in the comparatively small exports of capital which Germany is able to send abroad in time of peace. There is but little overflow after the domestic needs of her municipalities and industries have been supplied. The annual capital overflow of Great Britain is about 200 millions, and of France over 100 millions sterling. Moreover, German States and municipalities are often glad to borrow from Switzerland or Holland; while the banks which finance German industry have often been glad to get help from Paris or London. Again, while we have retained at least two-thirds of our foreign commerce, that of Germany and Austria has dwindled to a tiny fraction of its former volume. Germany has lost, or nearly lost, all its principal markets except Austro-Hungary, while Germany and Austria are the only important markets which have been lost by British manufacturers in consequence of the war. One of Germany's principal industries—shipping—is practically at a standstill, and altogether it is certain that her revenue, especially from customs, has fallen heavily since the war began. This is obvious from the fact that the tariff has actually been removed from many classes of foodstuffs, which in ordinary times constitute an important source of revenue.

How has Germany fared in her efforts to finance the war? Badly enough. Up to Christmas the Reichstag had given the German Government power to borrow some 520 millions for the war, while another 75 millions had been voted by the Prussian Diet. The first big loan, offered in September, produced 223 millions sterling, of which nearly 67 millions were in 5 per cent. Treasury Bonds, and the remainder in 5 per cent. War Loan, at the issue price of 97½. The second monster loan, the

success of which was last week hailed by the German Press with its usual mechanical enthusiasm, is designed partly to repay the banks, and partly to carry on the war until the autumn. It may be described as a second mortgage on the industrial future of Germany, based upon a second mobilization of assets, most of which are utterly unsuitable for the purpose. Like the first loan, it consists partly of stock, partly of bonds, the smallest subscription in either being 100 marks. Subscribers of less than 1,000 marks have to pay in full on or before April 14th. Larger subscriptions are paid in five instalments ending on August 20th. Of course, most of the money had to be lent to the investors by the Government! The total amount raised is reported to be nine milliard marks, nearly double the amount raised in September, and a milliard in excess of our own war loan. Very few subscriptions seem to have come from neutral countries. That there is something rotten in the financial state of Germany is agreed on all hands in the neutral countries—especially Holland and Denmark—which know best. Worst of all, perhaps, is the depreciation of currency shown in the Exchanges and in a premium of gold, which exists in spite of official denials. The depreciation in terms of the American Exchange has run as high lately as 15 per cent. or 16 per cent., and there are reports from Holland that German banks are bidding even more than this for gold in Belgium. Notices have also been sent out to neutral countries begging for subscriptions to the German War Loan, in which it is pointed out that, owing to the unfavorable state of the Exchanges, neutral investors can buy the 5 per cent. issue at a heavy discount.

Let us turn from Germany, with its dwindling revenue and depreciating currency, to Great Britain. Our financial year ended on March 31st. The deficit to be met by borrowing is, of course, enormous—for after subtracting the total revenue from the total expenditure, there is left a deficit of 337 millions, which has had to be raised from the 3½ per cent. War Loan, from Treasury Bills and from Exchequer Bonds. Compared with Germany and the other belligerents, the money has been raised very cheaply. We have no desire to minimize the burden or to pretend that these huge additions to the National Debt will not prove a heavy strain on capital and labor in the future. Nevertheless, legitimate satisfaction may be drawn from the state of the revenue. Last November Mr. Lloyd George expected that the war would cause a loss of over eleven millions to the revenue, and he imposed new taxation on incomes, beer, and tea, for the last four months, calculated to yield thirteen millions odd. The actual revenue, however, is nearly seventeen and a-half millions higher than he anticipated, of which surplus eight millions is due to income-tax, and seven millions to Customs and Excise. For the coming financial year it seems likely that a further very large addition may be anticipated without any increase of taxation. But War-Want is a giant which the Coat of Have can rarely cover. New taxes are inevitable with the rapid growth of war expenditure which will ensue as the new army goes to the front, as prices mount even higher, and as more and more able-bodied workmen are drawn from productive industries into the vortex of war.

## WHY COAL IS DEAR.

THE able Report of the Committee on Coal Prices shows once more how difficult it is to answer "simple" questions. Why have coal prices risen so high in London? About the fact of the rise there is no dispute. "The increase above normal winter prices was 7s. per ton for good coal and 11s. for the cheapest." But this is for those who can buy their household coal by the ton. The poor, who cannot, must pay something more for their poverty, buying "trolley" coal in February at 1s. 11d. per cwt., or 38s. 4d. per ton, or even more.

Now the first explanation offered for the rise is a reduction of output, owing to the large number of miners who have joined the colors. But this reduced output, estimated to amount to some 12 per cent. for February, "would not by itself account for the abnormal prices in London and some other centres of population; for there had been, for a time at least, a decrease of consumption, and in most centres of the North the rise above normal winter prices has been a relatively small one." So the problem becomes, in large measure, one of transport and distribution. The pressure on the railways, partly due to shortage of wagons for military requirements, partly to the use of railways for "industrial" coal usually sea-borne, has doubtless been an important cause of the shortage of supply for London. The initial reduction of output, again, tells more heavily against London than other places nearer to the collieries, because "when supplies are deficient, London has to bid high in order to attract coal from the local market which has the first claim on the colliery." Finally, London suffers from want of adequate storage accommodation.

But even with these disadvantages, London would not, it is evident, pay so much more than other cities, if free competition were allowed to regulate selling prices. Here the Committee approaches the delicate question: "Who is getting the advantage of the high prices?" No satisfactory answer can be given on the evidence. "The case of the merchants, which we cannot accept without large modifications, is substantially that the whole or a large part of the supplies which they have obtained from the collieries under contract has been passed on to consumers with whom they in their turn had contracts, made at summer prices; and that on the coal which they bought at current prices and are selling at current prices, they make little or no profit. The case of the collieries is that their gains on coal sold at current prices do little more than offset their increased expenses in the getting of the coal which they have to supply at fixed prices by contracts made in the summer." The inability of the Committee to obtain figures as to the proportion of coal sold on contract and that sold at current prices by collieries and merchants, prevents them from offering any confident reply as to the allocation of the "surplus" price. This is extremely regrettable, especially in view of the interesting account given by the Committee of the actual method of "fixing" prices peculiar to London.

The gist of this arrangement is as follows. "A pit-head price is fixed, corresponding to a fixed retail price in London; the colliery owner never gets less than the fixed pit-head price, but when the retail price in London rises above that mentioned in the contract, he receives half the

increase." This arrangement gives both parties a common interest in raising prices, and if necessary, in curtailing effective supply so as to maintain high prices. There is a permanent bias against any reduction of price to the consumer. But still more significant is the judgment of the Committee on the method by which retail prices are arrived at. While rejecting the allegation of "rings" or close corporations among merchants and colliery owners, they remark that "there are evidently opportunities of conference—which do, in effect commonly lead to concerted action with regard to prices." A few leading firms agree to raise prices; these become the "public prices" of the day, and are the basis for variations in the sliding-scale contracts with collieries, and for consequent rises in the pit-head prices, which every buyer will have to pay. In other words, a few big London firms can and do fix prices for the trade, being virtually protected against any undercutting on the part of other firms by the fact that their action has automatically raised pit-head prices. It ought to be possible to obtain sufficient figures to indicate with some accuracy the relative power of colliery and coal merchant to mulct the consumer. For that the consumer is heavily mulcted the Committee entertains no doubt whatever. Even allowing for the highest estimate for increased cost of production, carriage, and distribution, "the total rise in the cost of production and distribution has been at most 3s. per ton, whereas the price to the consumer has risen above normal winter prices by an amount varying according to the quality of the coal from 7s. to 11s. per ton."

After proposing restriction upon export of coal to neutral countries and measures for the better utilization of interned steamers and enemy ships, the Committee makes two really important recommendations. The first is that the County Council and other public bodies should accumulate during the summer large stocks of household coal to be sold next winter to poorer classes of consumers at fixed reasonable prices. For there is little likelihood that an ordinary "law of supply and demand" will operate to lower prices by next winter. On the contrary, the higher contract prices likely to be made this spring will serve to make the outlook for next winter even darker than the present. The other proposal is of a still more drastic nature. For, in the event of other recommendations not proving efficacious, the Committee "think that the national interests involved are such as to justify the Government in considering a scheme for assuming control of the output of the collieries of the United Kingdom with a view to regulating prices and distribution in accordance with national requirements during the continuance of the war." The nation, we venture to predict, would take this new measure of war socialism without a wince, as it has already taken the State control of railways, engineering, and other "khaki" industries. Every week we learn fresh elements of political economy.

## A PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE MEASURE.

THE eager discussion that has followed the announcement of the King's intention to become a teetotaler for the



war has brought the drink problem into a truer perspective than that in which it was at first presented. The meeting between Mr. Lloyd George and the employers gave the agitation for reform the look of a campaign against the bad habits of one class. This was unfortunate, and it was also unjust. If drink is our greatest enemy, in the sense that the vigor and power of the nation are sapped by indulgence, it is not on one set of men or on one set of women that the blame must be put. All classes drink; and the profits of drink do not go into poor pockets, nor are the laws that do much to encourage drinking made by poor men. There is nothing to show that working people indulge themselves more than people of other classes. For example, last week in Glasgow was the most sober Easter of recent years in spite of the fact that the engineers had just received their back pay under the arbitration award. Unfortunately, the general life they have to follow makes the consequences of indulgence more serious to their health and vitality. If, then, we say that the national interests are in danger from drink, we do not mean that the poor have less self-control than the rich, or that the armament workers who have toiled for long hours are open to any general charges; rather we mean that the nation has to reform habits that impair its general power, just as an athlete goes into training for some special contest.

What are the ways in which this weakness can be combated?

There is, first of all, the method of personal abstinence. In this the King has set an honorable example which has made a deep impression everywhere, in India as well as here. The sacrifice of a habit is always a very difficult sacrifice to make, and many who cannot share the trials of the campaign will welcome the opportunity of depriving themselves of a luxury for the sake of the national good. But this method must, of course, be voluntary throughout; there must be no compulsion put upon workpeople or dependents. The precise influence of this method cannot be estimated yet, but it will certainly have some effect in those circles where to refuse to drink is regarded as bad comradeship. If the King and Lord Kitchener think the circumstances demand of them that they should be teetotalers, it is less likely to be thought to be the part of a patriot to ply a soldier with the drink that makes him less able to resist the consequences of wounds and exposure.

There is again the method of restriction and discrimination. Prohibition would be the right course if the whole people were resolved on it; but it is clear that such a course would seem, in present circumstances, arbitrary and tyrannical. However, the law may very well discriminate. There is much to be said for prohibiting spirits altogether, or for prohibiting the more deleterious spirits; pure and light beer might be encouraged by special exemptions, and the introduction of light and cheap wines from France might be stimulated by some sort of preferential tariff. As things are, poor men drink spirits where rich men drink wine; but that is not a law of nature, it is the consequence of arrangements which it is in our power to modify. There are many light wines that travel well. The Government, then, might

aim, not at the sheer repression of the drinking of alcohol, but at the alternative task of guiding consumption. Good wine, good beer, and good cider might be substituted for fiery spirit.

There remains the question of the public-house. We cannot carry out an ambitious policy of licensing reform, but all parties might agree on measures designed for improving the public-houses. In particular districts, where soldiers are billeted or in camp, and where there is great industrial pressure, the public-houses might well be put under public control and the element of private profit eliminated, so that soldiers and their friends, or workmen, can obtain ordinary refreshment when they want it without having liquor which they do not want pressed upon them. We have allowed a powerful interest to turn these important centres of local life into institutions for pushing the sale of drink at all costs to the comfort, the health, and the purse of the people who use them. There are limits to the revolutions that can be carried out in a crisis like this. But we should at least be able to modify these demoralizing elements in the administration of the public-house.

## A London Diary.

I AM not sure that the consequences likely to follow from the "King's pledge," as it is called, are yet fully understood by most people, least of all by the liquor interest. Brewers, distillers, and publicans, so far as their opinions can be gathered, seem to think that if absolute prohibition is avoided they will be fairly safe. Is this not a rather short-sighted view? Teetotalism is about to become a test of patriotism. I suppose the Royal Palace of Westminster will scarcely be remiss in bringing itself into line with the King's other "houses." Examples such as these, supposing them to be given, must have a wide effect throughout the country, possibly, too, on the far-extending ramifications of English club life—almost as great a social institution as the public-house itself. But in all such possibilities of organized self-denial what comfort remains for the doubly unfortunate drink purveyor? With prohibition he would at least have a claim to compensation. These are strange times, and we may yet live to see the publican appealing for prohibition in the name of justice.

As for the richer clubs, the first enthusiastic movement towards voluntary prohibition has cooled down not a little. "Round robins" enlisting these West-End Bands of Hope have failed to secure the majority of members, and have met rather embittered resistance. Even if they succeed, the Committees, feeling that their powers are not autocratic, may hesitate to act on them, and leave the choice of drink or no drink to individual members. That, of course, is the strict voluntary principle, and my observation shows that it has gone fairly far. I saw little alcohol served at the luncheon tables of a great social club in the middle of the week.

Even at an earlier stage of the war, one observed little of the drink usually offered to the idol of luxurious entertainment. Still greater is the change in the form of dinner-giving. It is now quite fashionable to restrict such pleasures to one's friends—an unheard-of revolution.

THE Cabinet will not, one imagines, act in a hurry, but the feeling is that their chief regulating measure will be a virtual prohibition of the sale of spirits. There will be difficulty in framing an equal measure, not open to the charge of class favoritism, and also to some medical difficulties, and there will be more opposition to it than seemed likely in the first rush of feeling for reform. It will chiefly hit Scotland. But Scottish observers incline to the opinion that if the workmen are properly consulted, they will take it. They know the evils of the system of pilgrimage from one drinking place to another, out of which spring the most demoralizing and debilitating kinds of drinking. They know, too, what the strain of the last few months has meant. Twelve hours' shifts, a working week of seven days—the gravest error of all—have left their mark on the physique of the armament workers. Moreover, a good part of the trouble arises from the fact that the masters, having heedlessly accepted contracts that were poured in on them, could not, with the utmost strain on the part of their workers, fulfil them. Still, I am told, reform will not be generally resented. Fears there are of reaction, and of the physical results of a sudden enforced change of habit. But then Scotland is more educated than we are in the ethics and practice of prohibition.

THE King's action on drink will, I suppose, finally dispose of a ridiculous legend. Since the days of William the Fourth, the English Court has been a sober Court. It was never more so than under the precept and life-long practice of its present head.

LORD ROTHSCHILD was, I suppose, a popular man. Certainly he was likeable for the unaffected kindness of his heart and the sincerity as well as the range of his benefactions to Jew and Gentile. But few men of power and wealth made a less energetic personal effort to win regard. Manner with him hardly existed. It was not so much brusque as casual and unregardful. I suppose he made enemies in this fashion, but what did enemies matter to a Rothschild? This plain exterior veiled a simplicity of temperament which turned Lord Rothschild, in the last months of his life, into a singularly patient, considerate, unpushful, and hard-working helper of the Red Cross organization. As for opinion, he was truthfully described as a "John Bull." His tastes were largely those of an English country gentleman, and though the magnificent centre at Tring was too much at the service of a costly, exclusive, and large farmers' industry, it was one of the greatest aids to fine stock-breeding in the world. Did this later conservatism of habit have anything to do with the fact that much of the new business of the world did not get into the Rothschilds' hands? Certainly, one could not pick out the great financier in any member of the English branch. Great farmers, great collectors, great

organizers of social life—yes. But hardly a modern Money King.

AN American correspondent sends me the following view of German diplomacy in its relation to the chances of peace. It is sanguine, but it coincides curiously with the view of neutrals in Germany who have had recent evidence of the set of German opinion. A definite failure on both fronts would, it is thought, quickly bring Germany—say within two or three months—to a mood for peace—peace, that is to say, on terms that to the Allies may seem no peace at all. Now for my American correspondent:—

"I attach considerable importance to the speech of Delbrück. It clearly indicates some shifting of ground on the part of the German Government. They now apparently discard one of their previous two *casus belli*, the demand for 'a place in the sun,' and concentrate on the other, the defence of the Fatherland. In this I see the best hope for early peace negotiations. It means that the German Government consider it possible to come before the people with a claim that they have successfully repelled the enemy, even though they gain nothing else. My own theory has been for some time that peace negotiations will begin as soon as Germany clearly recognizes the impossibility of any very successful offensive movement. The risk of an invasion of their territory will then be greater than any advantage to be hoped from a continuation of the campaign. The intense national patriotism which has been raised will be contented with a semblance of victory—i.e., with a peace concluded while German armies still occupy foreign territory, even if other concessions must be made. An indemnity to Belgium by Germany could be paid, in accordance with her previous protestations as to her intentions, with little or no loss to her prestige."

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE NATIONALITY OF MONEY.

THE House of Rothschild was an established dynasty long before the late head of its English branch inherited his position. Its romance lay already in the distant past. One thought of it as contemporary with Waterloo, and Heine was probably the last poor man who dared to let his fancy play lightly with its history. We envisaged it as a dim and unshakeable power, with which thrones and statesmen had to reckon. But it rarely forced itself upon our notice, and one could name several American millionaires who have seemed in our day to play a greater part in the making of history. Legend had often been busy with it, and there was more than one school of thought which conceived it as the ultimate arbiter of European politics, a kind of anonymous international Areopagus, whose veto was fatal to any national policy, and whose consent was sought with trepidation in the making of war and peace. There was something undeniably plausible in the theory that a great bank, subject to a single family, established equally firmly in London, Paris, and Vienna, must play a great and perhaps a decisive part in European affairs. Admit for a moment that such a bank had a definite political ambition, that it set politics before affairs, that it looked on current events from some angle of vision quite different from that of the propertied classes in England, France, and Austria, and it is possible that some of the conclusions of the Anti-Semites might have been justified. In this



House there existed the very type and perfection of "cosmopolitan finance." One might assess the morals and influence of this international force in various ways. One might assail it, as the Anti-Semites of all countries do, as a corrupting and anti-national influence, which steadily distorted the honest Christian tendencies of Gentile statecraft. One might extend to it a cautious approbation, as some pacifists tended to do, who saw in this cosmopolitan power, equally interested in the welfare of several countries and the stability of several Governments, a great conservative force for peace. Various as these estimates are, they agree in this, that they regard high finance as a denationalized influence, a *sans patrie* with its stake in every country.

There is nothing amiss with this theory except that the facts are against it. The "Times" gave prominence this week to a rather striking letter from "one of Lord Rothschild's friends" (an Englishman) in which we are told, evidently from intimate knowledge, that "he was in feeling a regular John Bull." The house undoubtedly kept up close intercourse among its heads, and we are told how Baron Alphonse de Rothschild wrote to his cousin from Paris during the Fashoda crisis, hoping to move him by a strong statement of the French case. Lord Rothschild dismissed the letter as "ridiculous nonsense." In that crisis it is clear that "cosmopolitan finance" broke down as hopelessly as every cosmopolitan influence has done in this. The French branch and the English branch each reflected the feelings of the society in which they moved, and felt, perhaps even with some exaggeration, precisely as average "nationalists" felt in the two countries. The same thing is true, we believe, of the Austrian branch. Race, family, and the common interests of finance ought, in theory, to make for a common foreign policy, conservative, pacific, and cosmopolitan. In point of fact, they did nothing of the kind. If the Rothschilds, in spite of close family ties and the great responsibility which belongs to them as the most powerful members of their race, have failed to evolve a cosmopolitan outlook or a European policy, the presumption that "high finance" as a whole has ever done so, vanishes before our eyes.

What the interactions of finance and diplomacy really are would make a very intricate study, and the more one pursues it, the less is one tempted to generalize. To watch it at all, one ought probably to eliminate periods of extreme passion and crisis. It is gratuitous to suppose that any given financier who has his hates and his loves, his prejudices and his party ties, will always act as the abstract financier should act, if he were guided by interest alone. We doubt if pacifists are theoretically in the right when they regard finance as a cosmopolitan force, but they probably are in the right when they expect it to oppose the actual outbreak of any really devastating war. The bankers of Berlin intervened to urge a peaceful solution of the Moroccan crisis in 1911, and on the eve of the crash—before the Belgian situation was known or had developed—the bankers of the City presented a memorandum in favor of British neutrality in the world-war. Their motives were not in either case "cosmopolitan." They foresaw the economic ruin of such a war a little more clearly than most of us, and it was their natural rôle as specialists to lay stress on it. One need not suppose that they thought of anything but German and British interests respectively. It is, of course, the case, as no one has shown more brilliantly than Mr. Norman Angell, that national interests cannot be isolated. The ruin of the enemy must involve the diminution of one's own trade, and a bankruptcy in Berlin might very well shake the solidest houses in the City. In that sense it is probably true that high finance,

if it really knows its own business, must dislike any ruthless pursuit of a policy of national egoism. From the final catastrophe of war, it will usually shrink.

To concede this is, however, far from asserting that the outlook of finance is habitually cosmopolitan, and it may very well support a policy which ultimately renders war difficult to avoid. It is on record that German finance opposed a Moroccan war in 1911, but we do not remember that it ever protested against a conduct of the Moroccan affair from 1905 onwards, which more than once made war a likely consequence. Some Germans looked on Morocco as an eligible field for white colonization, and some Frenchmen hoped eventually to enlist its tribesmen as Turco auxiliaries. But these were, in both countries, secondary motives. The rivalry over Morocco was mainly financial, and for two national groups of financiers it represented nothing but a great estate ripe for development, a dumping-ground for surplus capital, which would find employment in harbors, railways, and mines. The most interesting aspect of this chapter of European history was that an effort was made to bring these two national groups together in international syndicates. The agreement broke down, and its collapse seemed to show that modern finance decidedly prefers to work for the exclusive exploitation of areas in which each national group will enjoy a monopoly. The financial pressure which originally made for the occupation of Egypt was cosmopolitan, and as much French as British, but the cosmopolitan instinct was altogether too weak to sustain for long a dual control. The history of the Five-Power group in China, and even of the Bagdad Railway, tells the same tale: the trend towards exclusive national dealing in the end overcame the feeble cosmopolitan tendency.

The broad fact is that, wherever politics can be made the servant of trade, money is forced to develop a national personality. Finance may be in its essence cosmopolitan, but the modern world has compelled it to acquire nationality. We are rather slow to recognize this fact in England, because our whole thinking about economics is based on Free Trade. In Protectionist countries, which seek colonies as exclusive markets, it is obvious that finance cannot be cosmopolitan. Built up on a system of exclusive trading, it is bound to look to national diplomacy, and to the armaments behind diplomacy, as the essential instruments of its own expansion. Our own fiscal policy is, indeed, based on the open market. But it, too, has been forced by circumstances to adapt itself to the current usage. It does not, even when it takes a new colony, attempt to make a closed market. But the fact remains that if a railway, a bridge, or an irrigation dam are to be built in a British colony or sphere of influence, the contract goes to a British firm. In the competition for "concessions" in such a disputed area as China, our diplomacy does, in fact, push the interests of British groups, and to refrain from doing so would, as the world goes, involve withdrawal from the struggle. We follow a policy of free trade in the export of goods, but in the export of capital, our practice tends to assimilate itself to that of our European rivals. The Free Trader who argues with Cobden that trade is a peacemaker, is profoundly in the right. But exclusive trading upsets that ideal. In a world where the practice of Protection and the quest for places in the sun has obliged financiers to constitute themselves into national groups, it is clear that this economic rivalry makes for Imperialism, which itself underlies the whole struggle for a balance of power. The national groups of financiers may not desire war; but they do and must desire that the diplomacy on which they rely for their future expansion shall be strong enough to seize and hold the concession or the sphere of

penetration which they desire. This rivalry helped to maintain the armed peace, and in due course the armed peace broke out in the world war. The first step to a permanent peace is to break down the theory and practice which has bestowed nationality on money.

#### THE SPY VIRTUOUS.

IN one of the most comfortable clubs, a middle-aged citizen, tired of war's alarms, had settled down to have a good read, as he sometimes called it. He had found by occasional experiment that reading promoted an inward and physical tranquillity very conducive to dinner. Unhappily for his peace of digestion, in scanning the library table he had this time been irresistibly attracted by the brilliant paper covers of two new books, one called "My Adventures as a Spy," by Lt.-Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell (Pearson), the other "German Spies in England," by William Le Queux (Stanley Paul). "They'll do," he thought, as he took them away to a deep armchair before the fire; "short, decent print, easy to hold up, and both about the same kind of subject. I've heard Hopkins and other fellows in the office talking about spies lately, and now I'll be equal with them."

So he began to read, opening the books alternately in various places, as was his manner of pursuing research. After about twenty minutes of study, however, he began to feel perturbed. He recognized that he was not rewarded with the calm which he looked for from literature. Laying the books together on his lap, so that the leaves intermingled, he turned to contemplation for relief. But even thought had lost some of its healing power, and the abstractions upon which he hoped to meditate were disturbed by unwonted visions.

The writers of the two books appeared to be conversing behind his chair, and in almost every sentence he recognized a quotation from the work of one or other.

"I am no alarmist," said one; "mine is no work of fiction, but of solid and serious fact. For instance, I give various versions of the governess story. In one she is found lying unconscious, overcome by the secret evidence of her own guilt. Do you know that governess story?"

"Never tried that trick myself," said the General, "but I've done a German sentry by pouring a bottle of brandy down me—outside—and shamming drunk."

"Do you know that I have dined at the Ritz, in Paris, on more than one occasion?" the author began again.

"No," said the General, "but the officers gave me coffee when they caught me posing as a Highland artist beside the Wolf's Tooth mountain during their secret manoeuvres."

"On more than one occasion," the author continued, "I have dined at the Ritz with the yellow-toothed old Baroness X—, an Austrian, high-born, smart, and covered with jewellery. As a linguist, however, she is really wonderful. She speaks every European language perfectly, and Arabic too, for she once told me, while we were travelling first-class on a steamer going down the Mediterranean, that she was born in Smyrna."

"Arabic and Smyrna? I don't see much connection," said the General; "but once on the Mediterranean I found a foreigner reconnoitring the same fort that I was after, and in return for his assistance, I pointed out to him the big guns at Malta that any fool can see with half an eye."

"She had 'nieces'; she always had 'nieces,'" the author continued, ominously.

"An American lady once took me to tea with her old

friend Hamid Pasha," said the General; "he was a charming host, and showed me all the newest guns in his fort on the Bosphorus."

"I met a man," continued the author, in his Ancient Mariner tone, "I met a man taking his lunch daily at one of the most expensive luncheon-places in Europe. I had met him before in the Russie at Rome, in Doney's in Florence, and in the Pera Palace in Constantinople. If I did not meet him in Windsor Castle, that proves nothing to his credit."

"When I was at work upon the Austrian Army," said the General, "I could tell if the Emperor was coming by watching the feathers on the helmets of the Arch-Dukes—aged men as a rule. They shivered when he was in the neighborhood."

"At a secret meeting of the Council in Potsdam, some years ago," the author continued, "Prince Henry of Prussia—a clever man, whom I know personally—and all the other chiefs of the army and navy being present, the Emperor spoke. A German of high position gave me a copy of his speech, and two days after I had handed it on to my publisher, it disappeared from his desk. At that time I was living in the Hotel Cecil."

"The same thing happened to me," said the General; "I was living on the railway, and had been contemplating a battery of new guns parked beside the line. I know I was watched. I heard I was to be arrested at the next big city. When the train arrived there, I had disappeared. Incredible as it may seem, I had taken the precaution of alighting at the previous station."

There was a pause, and, thrusting his head forward, the author whispered in the General's ear: "Are you aware of the real reason why the Royal Academy Exhibition will not be held this year? Every other picture is the work of a spy!"

He drew back to watch the effect. "Well," said the General, "I once drew a picture called 'Dawn among the Mountains,' showing the positions of . . ."

"Every other picture in the Academy, you know," continued the author, interrupting him, "every other picture represents woodland scenery, with a picturesque windmill and cottage in the foreground, and woods in the distance. When decoded by the 27,000 enemy aliens in this country, that windmill represents a lighthouse, the woods a distant town, the stones the disposition of mines in the harbor. For more than fifty years a British artist exhibited eight or ten pictures of cows lying or standing under willows beside a stream, but the arrangement of the cows changed slightly from year to year. To the German Ambassadors, when they visited the Academy with their suites—charming noblemen, whom I knew personally—each picture signified a British fort, each cow a big gun, each change, however slight, the new position in which that gun had been placed. Yet our German enemies affected to pass these works without remark!"

"I must remember that idea," said the General; "I've drawn forts as designs for a stained glass window representing a coat-of-arms for Oxford University, with horseshoes, cricket-balls, and an open prayer-book, all complete. I've drawn forts as the veins on a decaying ivy leaf, and as the markings on a butterfly's wings; though no one who had ever seen a butterfly could be taken in by that. For, as you see on my cover, the markings on the opposite wings do not correspond, because the fort was not regular in outline. But it never occurred to me to draw cows for guns, though we have cow-guns in India."

There was silence, and then the author's voice was



heard again. "I am not affected by that disease known as spy-mania," he said, "but it has been gradually borne in upon my understanding during our conversation, that you are yourself part of the ever-spreading cankerworm in a nation's heart."

"Oh, yes!" replied the General, cheerfully; "I've spread myself and cankerwormed in the hearts of several nations. As I say in my book, I'm an 'Intelligence Agent (*alias* a spy).'"

"A spy," said the author, "acts under false pretences, while the soldier or scout acts quite openly. I have drawn the distinction in my book. You are the Master Scout. You would scorn to be included among those wretched agents of espionage whom I there describe—'Those miserable secret agents who, in time of peace and without risk, abuse for gold a nation's hospitality with the deliberate intention of working her ruin when war comes!'"

"Oh dear, no! I shouldn't," the General cheerfully replied again; "I don't say there's no risk; but I've taken my screw all right, and found out what I was sent to find out. Why, two of our highest officers once went through the Transvaal in peace time as coal-prospectors, and found out all about the Boer guns and forces. Read my story of how I ran up and down ladders and round corners and through trapdoors in a certain foreign dock-yard. No clown in a pantomime could have slipped away from the policeman better."

"Oh, General, General!" cried the author, mournfully; "to think of you as a miserable secret agent! If there had been a man like me in that foreign land, your purpose might have been suspected."

"My dear fellow," said the General, "spying is only reconnaissance in disguise. As I say in my book, a good spy—no matter what country he serves—is of necessity a brave and valuable fellow. I am a good spy. Traitor spies are a different matter, but we're not talking of them."

"Never!" cried the author; "a German attaché once entertained me to a luncheon—an expensive luncheon—and afterwards suggested that if I would write in favor of Germany, I should be recompensed. In spite of the expense of the luncheon, I rose from my chair. I confess that I grew angry. I say so in my book."

"And you say in your book," the General observed, "that the German of high position who was present at that secret council in Potsdam has more than once furnished you with secret information from Berlin which has been of the greatest use to our Intelligence Department. I congratulate you on your co-operation."

"Sir," cried the author, "what would I not do for my country?"

"Oh, that's all right!" said the General. "Both of us seem connected with an enterprising activity. You know my saying: 'for anyone who is tired of life, the thrilling life of a spy should be the finest recuperator.'"

"Bless my soul!" cried the middle-aged civilian, starting up from his armchair in the club; "my bit of reading has not been so peaceful as usual. But I'm glad I'm not tired of life. It's nearly dinner-time."

#### THE DEW-POND MYTH.

LONG ago, some conscious or unconscious humorist invented a theory to account for the replenishing of those round ponds frequently found perched on the summit of our downs and other hill ranges. They have been known as dew-ponds from time immemorial, still more from a time that is not far distant, when there was no close

distinction between dew and mist. So they became dew-ponds. An elaborate construction was invented for them to make them collect a tremendously abnormal quantity of that breath of the earth that we call dew. It is doubtful whether the earth gains anything from the air through the film of moisture that makes the grass damp or hoar on the morning following a cold night. It has simply exhaled more moisture than usual, and some or all of it has fallen back instead of flying away. When the sun comes out, it is all licked up. Even if it stayed, the whole amount that falls in a year measures only an inch and a half. Yet if we could make the dew-pond attract to its cold surface the moisture that would otherwise fall on a much larger area, then the scientific construction we have invented for the dew-pond would be justified.

In India they get ice in the open air on a night when the thermometer does not go down to freezing-point. A shallow pan of water is exposed, standing upon a good thickness of dry straw. When night comes, the earth proceeds to give up to the air the heat it absorbed from the sun during the day. The pan of water radiates its latent heat, and the straw beneath it absorbs the radiation from the earth below, and saves the pan from being warmed by it. So the water freezes. That is the construction invented for the dew-pond. A large bowl of well-puddled clay or chalk takes the place of the pan. That is the pond as everyone sees it. But beneath the clay there must be a good layer of straw, and beneath that another layer of puddled clay, the top layer and bottom layer being joined at the edge so as to keep the straw forever dry and non-conductive. Whoever constructed a new pond must observe this scientific recipe, or his pond would run dry in time of need.

Of course, it was contended that the ancients, Paleolithic man or the old Britons, had stumbled upon this clever principle, and that all their everlasting upland ponds were so made. And as time went on, a few derelict ponds available for examination showed, or seemed to show, the ideal section. Some of them perhaps had been made by modern theorists following the theoretic recipe, and had since lost the record of their origin. Professional pond-makers, a caste in England like the water-dowzers, admitted the use of straw as well as chalk puddle. As a matter of fact, they use it above the puddle, to protect it from cracking while the pond is filling, and to carry cobbles to keep the feet of the cattle from going through. Clever leading questions, however, help the pond-makers to fall into line with the theory, and if not, here was a wonderful instance of a sound principle of the ancients transmitted as a meaningless ritual. How fortunately for Downland sheep and cattle-farmers had science revived and put upon a sound basis this lost empiric formula!

Some years ago Mr. Ernest Martin received a Government grant from the Royal Geographical Society for the study of dew-ponds. He has now re-written the paper he communicated to the Society, and published it, with many illustrations, under the title, "Dew Ponds: History, Observation, and Experiment" (Werner Laurie). By far the most important part of the book consists of observation. It only required a little careful work with thermometers to find out that very rarely does the water of a dew-pond fall to dew-point temperature—that is, in summer nights, when, if ever, the pond ought to work as an attractor of dew. That same fact tends to put out of court the name of "mist-pond" which Mr. Martin seems to favor. If by some means the area of the pond can attract more than its proper share of tribute from the south-west winds, when they bring not rain but

mist, that might explain why it still holds water when lower-lying ponds are dry. But Mr. Martin has never had the luck to record any result at all commensurable with that reported to Mr. Cornish by a shepherd employed by him. This man said that two nights of fog in January gave a rise to the pond of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  and 2 inches respectively. We may suspect such a mist as that of having been of the Scottish variety, equivalent—pond or no pond—to a quarter or half-an-inch of rain. The best that Mr. Martin can show are—a little over a quarter of an inch in the pond for a tenth of an inch of rainfall; three-thirty-seconds of an inch for no rainfall at all, and three-sixteenths of an inch for three-one-hundreds of an inch of rain. This was in a pond with new sides, down which the water would trickle freely, and he does not tell us what was the proportion between the surface of the water and the margin. On another occasion all that a "good downland fog" was able to do was "to prevent evaporation."

So, the dew-pond is not even a mist-pond. It is just a rain-pond. One interesting fact worked out by Mr. Martin is that the rainfall in the hollow of a pond is greater than that on the open down. In fact, his rain-gauges showed in six weeks two and three-quarter inches on the bank and three and a half inches in the hollow. In any case, there is more rain on the hills than there is in the valley. Air rising from the plain follows the lie of the land, and discharges its moisture on the high ground. The rounded outline of the downs may be favorable to "silent electric discharge" that makes rain of what would elsewhere be mist. However explained, the rainfall is greater. The large margin of the pond forms no mean catchment area, and the very scarcity of water ensures that what is caught shall be retained in a better puddled bottom than lowland ponds usually have. These are the magics that keep water in downland ponds when valley ponds fed by springs and with thousands of acres draining into them have dried up.

Evaporation must count for very little on the hills. It is only in very dry times that the "pans" scooped in the granite of Dartmoor (not by an enterprising prehistoric people) are wholly without water in them, even when their capacity is but a gallon or two. At the end of July, 1911, Dartmoor was drier than it had been for many years, even Cranmere bog having almost ceased to exist. There was water, however, in the rock-cleft at the summit of Kestor, and in it water boatman beetles, and other creatures that have colonized this everlasting aquarium from the Teign two miles away. Only the birds of the air drink there, while our dew-ponds have to refresh, some of them, two or three hundred sheep, some of them many cattle. They never overflow, and are never empty. The rain which falls in some months by the inch, in some scarcely at all, is yet never for long overdue. Like Goldsmith's small-holding, it—

"Just gives what life requires, but gives no more."

Very rarely, as in that year of 1911, the least of the dew-ponds give out, and water must be carried or cattle sent away. There is no remedy in straw or planks or wood-wool. Only let us dig our ponds deeper, and keep them water-tight.

And the wise old ancestor who invented dew-ponds was someone who, walking often into his hut in rainy weather, wore a hollow in the ground and puddled the chalk therein with his bare feet till it held water. Gradually he learnt where it was that he could get a drink in rainless weather, and in time he made larger ponds on the same plan. Clay is found in pockets of the chalk, and that makes a good lining. But by driving cattle round and round a conical hollow, we can grind

the soft chalk itself till it takes on a new character, holding water instead of passing it like a sponge. Put straw on it and lump chalk over that for the cattle to stand on. When the pond leaks, grind it again, and hereafter wise men with microscopes shall declare that it was made with layers of non-conducting material, and thus charmed water from a rainless sky.

## Short Studies.

### THE SENTINEL.

HE was an old soldier, an ex-sergeant of the Line, and my nearest neighbor in the village. A deep narrow lane, its ditch-walls overgrown with red and white valerian, and topped by a riot of bramble, separated his acre from mine. In spite of his fourscore years, he carried himself with remarkable erectness and firmness of step; and, true to the habit of long years, he was distinguished among the villagers by the smartness of his personal appearance. Poor as the rest of us—and poorer than some—he was invariably well-groomed and well-turned out. The habit of parade had become second nature to him. When I first saw him, he had a black shell over one eye, and to myself I nicknamed him Wotan; he wore it, as I discovered later, partly to shield and partly to conceal a somewhat loose-lidded and almost sightless eye, for he had had a slight stroke—the first warning of hovering Death—and his close-cropped white beard and moustache scarcely hid the partially withered cheek, and the down-drawn corner of the mouth. These incipient batterings of the unescapable mortal fate enhanced, rather than impaired, the old man's dignity, and it was a fine sight to see him going down the street with squared shoulders and uplifted head. He knew what it was to look a foe in the face, and of this last foe he was not afraid.

With his daughter to look after him—herself well on in years—he lived in his own cottage at the head of the village; its small windows peer unflinchingly into the eye of the mid-day sun, and from its doorway he could look out across his garden, over the thatches and the orchards of the village, and away down the little valley, with its white winding road, its noisy stream glinting here and there from among the willows and hazels, and its enclosing hills with their beautiful woods and rich pastures.

It so happens, because of a break in the hills, that there is one point at the foot of his garden—trim and neat as himself—from which can be seen the broad estuary of the Taw, a strip of the wind-swept burrows, and the rockbound bay beyond. Here he had built for himself a small wooden turret, and any morning of the year he might have been seen standing there like a captain on the bridge of his ship. I used to watch him as I worked in my patch. Every now and again he would take up a pair of binoculars, use them to scan the length of the road and the distant hills, and then, motionless, would gaze through them out to sea.

My introduction to him was on this wise. It was in the early days of the war, and in our tiny hamlet, so remote from the excited centres of population, the two things which chiefly seemed to make the war real to us were the saying good-bye to one or two youths who had volunteered from among our small company, and the rumor that an armored cruiser, patrolling the Bristol Channel and a portion of the western coast of our county, could sometimes be seen in the bay which lay just over the hill. Somewhat naturally, therefore, I concluded that this was the object for which my neighbor was so eagerly watching; and one morning, as I passed down the lane, I stopped beneath the high hedge, just below his conning-tower, and made the first overture of friendliness:—

"Can you see the ship?" I called to him.

His hands dropped sharply, and he turned to me evidently startled.



"The ship?" he said, with hesitating and tremulous voice, "No, I haven't seen the ship. What ship?"

"The armored cruiser," I replied, "they say that she is sometimes to be seen in the bay."

"Oh, that ship," he said in a tone of strange relief; "No, I haven't seen the ship."

I had a queer feeling that I had intruded unwelcomely; so—

"On the look-out for German merchantmen, I suppose," I said, and at once moved away, thinking him rather a bear, yet wondering why he had said "Oh, that ship!"

Some few days later, as I was busy with the task of transforming an old neglected plot into what I hope will one day be a lovely flower-garden, my neighbor came to the gate and greeted me. I brought him in, and told him my plans. He was much interested, gave me some good advice, and said that if he had anything that I could make use of I was very welcome to it.

"Mine is mostly in vegetables," he said, "but I have so much lavender and rosemary that you might take half of it away, and I should scarcely miss it."

As I had an idea of a flagged pathway bordered with alternating lavender and Madonna lilies, I thanked him warmly.

"Well, come along any morning," he said, "and see what I have got, and take what you like."

It was the very next morning, of course, that I returned his visit. We spent some time in the garden, and then he took me to his watch-tower, and showed me the sea. As we stood there together, he said in a peculiarly gentle voice—

"I am afraid you must have thought me very abrupt the other morning when you asked me about the ship, but," and here he smiled, "you know, or perhaps you do not know, you startled me."

"I am sorry," I said.

"Let me tell you," he continued quietly; "some months ago I had a stroke, a slight one, as you see. The morning of the day on which it happened, I was here with my glasses watching the fishing fleet glide down the river and out into the bay. They made a fine sight with the sunlight on their brown sails, and their noses dipping deep in the choppy water. When, suddenly, as it might be out from nowhere, I saw a strange vessel loom up among them. I imagined that I must be dreaming, so dropped my glasses for a moment or two, and then looked again. She was still there, but now the trawlers had disappeared under the curve of the hill, and she was alone. I know very little about ships, and couldn't give her a name. She stood high out of the water, with great swelling sails heaped up one above the other. I thought of the old Spanish galleons with which the men of our county had something to do in bygone days. Was she some ghostly frigate of the Great Armada? I watched her for a time; descried, as I thought—but I could not be sure—the figure of a tall man standing on her prow; and then she seemed to turn away from the land, and disappeared. I confess that I felt queer—excited and disturbed. I went inside and told my daughter what I had seen. She laughed at me and said—she is a great reader—that it was Ulysses returning to the Island of Calypso, and she told me the whole of that story. Well, it was that same day that the stroke took me."

"It is very remarkable," I interjected sympathetically.

"Naturally," he continued, "I have thought a good deal about it since then, and, though you may think me foolish, I believe that the two things were connected, and that it was the Master's warning to me. He does not mean me to be taken unawares. He knows that I should like to know, so that I can meet the last enemy as I have met the others."

"Yes," I said warmly, "'breast and back as either should be.'"

"And so I watch every morning. I believe that I shall see the ship again; and when she comes on full-sail up the river, I believe that it will be my call."

"So that is the ship you thought I meant?" I said.

"That is why you rather startled me," he replied. So many weeks, crowded with such stirring and

absorbing interest, have passed since that conversation, that, save when I have chanced to see my neighbor on his platform, I have but rarely given it a thought. That which is at first very exceptional soon finds its place in the grey texture of one's life; even the most poignant situation, if it continues long enough, comes to be taken for granted, and enters that semi-oblivion which is the background of day-by-day. Perhaps even he himself came, as week succeeded week, to assume his morning watch somewhat casually and mechanically. But he was not mistaken.

This very morning, only a few hours ago, his daughter came across to me to say that he wanted to see me. She was going down to the village on an errand. I went to him at once, and found him sitting in his arm-chair over the big open fire-place with its blazing logs. (It is a cold, tempestuous day.) He rose to greet me.

"I have seen the ship," he said, cheerily, yet with an intensity of subdued emotion which one could not mistake or miss.

"Well?" I answered eagerly.

"She came," he said with palpitating deliberation, "full sail right up the river."

"Man!" I cried impetuously, and seized his hand in mine.

For many heartbeats we stood silent face to face. What the silence uttered—wherein soul speaks with soul—I do not know, but no word was spoken until he said, as if I had just dropped in for half-an-hour's chat—

"Do sit down, won't you?"

He resumed his chair, and I drew one up on the other side of the fire. Outside there was a bright interval between the hail storms, and the sunshine poured through the cottage window. A bowl of pink hyacinths, just breaking into bloom, was on the table—and the ship had gone full sail up the river, the Tall Man might even now have found a landing, and be bringing his message up the valley. He seemed to want to talk, nor was I loathe to let him. He told me of how hard life had been, and yet how good it had been; of the battles he had fought, and of the friends he had made; of the splendid mercy of health which God had vouchsafed to him "right to this very day"; of the unfailing joy and zest in life it had made possible to him; of the great and beautiful things he was sure the world was going to know and to become when the war was ended, for (as he put it), "War is just the pruning of the Tree of Life." In the same quiet and level tones, as if he were not speaking but simply allowing his thoughts to escape him, he spoke of Death; simply, sincerely, eagerly, yet with the pulsing of an undercurrent of nervousness—that doubt whose presence makes human mastery a real possession and a significant triumph. Then he suddenly ceased, and gazed long into the fire; and I, answering the impulse of the moment, rose to my feet—for one cannot utter a great thing sitting down—and recited to him Walt Whitman's wonderful lyric, "Joy, Shipmate, Joy!"

"How good it is!" he said softly, and asked me to repeat it. Hardly had I finished, when a shadow filled the open doorway, and his daughter returned. I made my excuses, said good-bye—oh, that last handgrasp! How his fingers clung!—and left him, promising to look in later in the day.

But the Tall Man forestalled me. My neighbor died this afternoon; and, as a man should, went with full sail down the river, and so out to That Wide Sea.

EDWARD LEWIS.

## Communications.

### THE REVOLT OF THE SOCIALIST WOMEN OF GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The weakness of the International Socialist movement was unmistakably revealed at the outbreak of the war. With brutal suddenness the expectations of the Socialists of



Europe were disappointed, and nowhere was the shock more deeply felt than in Germany. For it was in Germany that the Socialist movement had its greatest strength, and it was in Germany that the movement showed the feeblest reaction to international ideals of social and economic brotherhood. With over a million members, with a voting strength of more than three millions, with a powerful Socialist press in every State, with an organization highly disciplined and of a machine-like efficiency, the Social Democratic Party of Germany might perhaps have controlled the situation at the end of last July. The spiritual weakness of the party at the moment of crisis made its perfection of machinery a hideous irony which has now to some purpose awakened revolt in its ranks.

Four leading members of the party declared their opposition to the policy pursued at the beginning of the war. Of these, the most prominent were Liebknecht and Clara Zetkin. The latter, as international secretary of the women's Socialist movement, worked persistently to restore communications with the women of other countries, and at the end of March succeeded in organizing the International Conference which met at Berne.

There is something mysterious in the party's supine acceptance of the war. During the previous year the success of the anti-militarist campaign had notably increased. Friendship with France had grown apace. At huge demonstrations, for example, in the Rhine provinces, so late as the week before the war, the assertion of an Alsatian orator who came from Paris to speak, that never would France declare war against Germany, was accepted with cheers and shouts of "Vive la France!" Yet, within a week, Germany had declared war against France and the party had accepted the situation. The appeal against Rosa Luxembourg's sentence of imprisonment, to which the Socialists looked forward as a climax of their anti-militarist agitation, had been again and again postponed. It will now probably never be heard, and the 30,000 attested cases of maltreatment of soldiers in the German Army, which formed the basis of her defence, will never be brought before the horrified German people. It might appear that the Government knew when they permitted the peace demonstrations to be held without disturbance in the last week of July that the Russian menace had but to be used skilfully and the bulk of the Social Democracy would officially fall into line. Certainly this is what happened. The Government seems to have known where safety lay, and, on the other hand, where Social Democracy might be expected to prove recalcitrant. In such districts mobilization was carried out with ruthless swiftness. The young men were taken at night from their beds to avoid all possibility of hostile collective action, while dissident Socialist leaders have been subjected to continual espionage and occasional domiciliary searches.

As the aggressive war on Germany's western frontier has developed, the party of revolt has grown. Evidence accumulates that the German Socialists are returning to their former antagonism against the governing classes, and against the war which they have fomented. The eight delegates representing Germany at the Conference did not all carry official credentials, but the extreme secrecy with which it was necessary for them to proceed in order to cross the frontier made it dangerous for them to carry formal instructions and credentials. Some, however, were officially representative of their State parties. It should be made clear that in Germany the Socialist women have no separate organizations, and it is therefore from the whole party, men and women, that they must ask authority. The central executive of the party refused to give this, and therefore the woman representative on the executive was unable to attend the Conference. Thus the movement is still one of revolt within the party, led mainly by women. Their chief hope lies in the opinion they hold that while the majority of the party officials are against them, the majority of the rank and file are with them.

The lengths to which the Socialist women of Germany are prepared to go are shown by the fact that the object of the Conference was to initiate an international movement of working women demanding a peace which should provide for "expiation of the wrong done to Belgium," exacting no humiliating conditions, and accepting the principle of the

right of large and small nations to independence and self-government. To accept such proposals and to undertake their propagation in this country involves no particular sacrifice. The great bulk of the nation would probably agree to peace on these terms. But in Germany the position is very different. The general attitude has been, one gathered, that there must be no talk of peace until Germany has won a great military victory. Moreover, the German Government refuses to allow any public discussion of peace proposals; and the German women who became sponsors for a manifesto admitting the wrong done to Belgium would undoubtedly be held guilty by their Government of high treason.

The admission that a wrong had been done to Belgium was in itself humiliating to the German women, and the emotions roused by their feeling that their nation had to bear the weight of many acts of cruelty in the course of the war led to many tense moments. The most poignant of these came when the British delegates, speaking especially to the German representatives, assured them that the 300,000 women for whom they spoke retained the same feelings of warm friendship towards them as had existed before the war, and that amongst these women undoubtedly there was no desire to seek the humiliation of the German people. This assurance was received by the German women with a measure of gratitude and surprise which showed how little they had been able to realize the spirit of internationalism which has survived the war. One of them, describing the efforts of the German mothers to keep their children untouched by the corrosive hatred of England which is taught even in the schools of Germany, referred to the phrase "God punish England" with which the children are told to greet each other. She hesitated when she came to the words, and with tears in her eyes stretched out her hands towards the English delegates crying "I cannot say it."

The German women have been moved not only by their Socialist convictions and by the sufferings and privations of the war, but also because the men in the trenches have urged them forward. Their husbands have felt the full horror of the fratricidal strife in which they are engaged, and have written imploring their wives to do their utmost, within the party and outside, to bring the war to an end. They have written telling them to go out into the streets and demonstrate, and, what is more remarkable, the women have done as they were told. In Berlin, on March 18th, the first street demonstration of women that has ever been held took place. March 18th is the date made sacred by the martyrs of 1848. The demonstrating women, numbering about a thousand, assembled spontaneously before the Reichstag, and initiated a new phase of the revolutionary movement. They were dispersed several times by the police, but even the German Government hesitated to take strong measures against women, and they came together again time after time. The demonstrators not only demanded peace, but also displayed feeling against those members of the Social Democratic Party, such as Scheidemann, who have supported the war with great vigor; when this member appeared he was hissed, while Liebknecht was received with cheers. No arrests were made, but the newspapers were prohibited by the police from making any mention of what had taken place. In other places the revolt of the women has taken a different form. In Pomerania, for example, all the women have left the party as a protest against attacks upon Rosa Luxembourg in the local party press, and it was said that many men were following their example.

It is from Germany that the most effective demand for peace must come. Without a party there ready to make such a demand, the war may continue until we reach an overwhelming victory for the Allies. The knowledge that in Germany there is already a growing party seeking peace on the terms indicated comes as a ray of light. To this party a victory for German arms would be in reality a defeat. The true victory for the German people can only be won when the military power of Germany is broken and the people control the destinies of the Empire.—Yours, &c.,

MARION PHILLIPS.

April 8th, 1915.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE FRIENDS' WAR VICTIMS' RELIEF COMMITTEE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is one of the peculiar ironies of the present time that there is want and misery unparalleled probably in any age, and at the same time a very widespread and almost passionate desire to help. Yet the two are, to a large extent, separated, and do not find their fulfilment in each other. The interests and occupations of life have evaporated for many people, and yet what they fain would do they cannot. We are condemned to inaction, knowing that thousands of Belgians are on the verge of starvation and probably in acute misery. And in France there can be no doubt of the distress. The tourist cannot yet reach the devastated districts because permits are not easy to obtain, and so perhaps few people realize that if you travel along the line of the Battle of the Marne, you pass through village after village where more houses are ruined than are intact, and your eye grows so accustomed to the sight that you unconsciously find yourself surprised at a complete village or even farm. The fields too, are pock-marked, as it were, with shell-holes of varying size; while in some places the corn in last year's ungarnered shocks has sprouted feebly, or a heap of dusty rubbish marks a burnt-out haystack. The woods, too, might have been trampled through by a giant elephant, with even their big trees snapped off and lying in confusion. The produce of the country is still shells and cartridges and such things, and these are offered to you as in happier times and places you receive antiquities. A woman living in a cellar with one tiny window, reached by a staircase that you could only creep down, and a passage so black that she had to lead you along, was convinced that she was better off than others. In Châlons-sur-Marne there are some 2,500 refugees housed in rooms so small that one wondered how all the occupants could stand in them, let alone eat and sleep. Some have walked from the Ardennes, and one family—typical of many others—is housed with the horse which had helped it to escape in a tiny stable of which the horse seemed to have an unfairly large share.

Such are the people who want our help, and want it at once. Summer clothes worn since August are not much comfort now, and, besides, there are the peasant proprietors, who, if they cannot get back to work on their land speedily, will lose all this year's crops and their opportunity of taking advantage of the help in seed corn, &c., which is so wisely offered by their Government to the extent of £120,000.

And so the Friends' War Victims' Relief Committee has set to work to show their sympathy by personal help, to rouse again some hope in these much-suffering people, and, if possible, to prevent some of the consequences of their terrible hardships.

It is by living amongst them that their wants can really be known and that they can be given that real friendship which they need as keenly as material help. The workers, who will very shortly number over seventy, are working in six groups at Châlons-sur-Marne, Sermaize, Vitry-le-François, Fère Champenoise, Fontenelle, and La Ferté Milon. They combine different kinds of help, as circumstances require—building wooden huts and repairing roofless cottages for those who are driven from the land by the ruin of their homes. If the villagers are able to, they contribute some help in labor, or money for something not deemed an absolute necessity by our architects.

The French authorities, too, are showing their appreciation by much assistance, not only in the way of facilities for working, but also by provision of materials for hut-building, of petrol for the cars employed in the work, and of buildings, in one case for a workshop, and in another for a maternity hospital. Here refugees from the wide district of Marne can be brought into peace and comfort, which must be very foreign to them after what they have gone through. In all the centres, too, warm clothes are being distributed, for which there is urgent need, and one party has even succeeded in reaching Soissons with a well-filled motor.

As the Government agricultural relief will not touch the deficit in garden seeds, it has been decided to start a garden at Sermaize for the double purpose of providing employment for the boys under military age and obtaining a supply of vegetable food for the neighborhood. In addition to this, one thousand packets of garden seeds are to be distributed in the stricken districts.

The Committee is turning its attention to the needs of the Belgians in Holland, and is starting the building of wooden huts by refugees to give them employment and lessen the terrible overcrowding. They are maintaining two "mother-houses," as the Dutch expression has it, and hope to proceed with the employment of women refugees in knitting, &c.

For all these works, and for an extension of them, the Committee will be most glad of help, confident that to many people the healing of the desperate wounds of a nation will appeal more strongly than the making of them.—Yours, &c.,

RUTH FRY.

April 7th, 1915.

### ITALY AND DALMATIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Much as I sympathize with Italian national aspirations, I find it impossible to leave unchallenged certain statements in the letter of Mr. Arundel del Re in your last issue. He asserts that "by no possible stretch of the imagination can Dalmatia be called a 'Serb land,'" and that "it is ethnographically an integral part of Italy." The first half of this assertion is misleading but true, if taken in the narrow and literal sense; the second is a very glaring mis-statement. Only a small portion of Southern Dalmatia (round the Bocche di Cattaro) is Serb; the remainder is neither Serb nor Italian, but Croat. As, however, Serb and Croat are twin races, speaking identically the same language, and as the national movement in favor of Serbo-Croat unity is nowhere stronger than among the Croats of Dalmatia, I submit that Mr. del Re's presentment of the case is far from accurate. As long ago as 1880, only 27,000 persons returned themselves as Italians in the Dalmatian census, and by 1900 that number had sunk to 15,279; the remaining 97 per cent. of the population were Serbo-Croats. To-day, Zadar (Zara) is the only Dalmatian town in which the Italian element counts at all; and even there half the Italian electors are Croat peasants who cannot speak Italian, but continue to support the Italian party owing to its "autonomous" traditions, dating from the 'sixties. How insignificant is Italian influence elsewhere is shown by the result of the last parliamentary election, held at Split (Spalato) in 1910 under universal suffrage, when the Italian candidate had fewer than 300 adherents. In the villages and country districts there never have been any Italians. Even the most extreme Irredentists, while arguing that the Austrian statistics have been doctored in a Slav sense, do not claim more than 10 per cent. of the population as Italian (instead of the official 3.5 per cent.). Thus the Italian claim to Dalmatia upon a basis of nationality is absolutely untenable, and it is only fair to point out that most serious Italians seek to justify it on quite other grounds. The civilization of Dalmatia, they argue, has always been Italian, and this gives Italy the right to wrest the province from its present owner and to prevent the unity of the race which has occupied it for the last twelve centuries. Of course, during the long Venetian occupation Dalmatia has been deeply imbued with the Italian spirit, and all sensible Croats and Serbs are grateful to Italy for the many architectural gems with which the inspiration of Italian genius has filled their towns, just as the leaders of the Slav revival in Dalmatia have always spoken perfect Italian and been steeped in the literary and political traditions of Italy. Nor have they any intention of renouncing their ties with Italy; on the contrary, it is no secret that their leaders, if their dream of unity should be realized, are ready to impose the Italian language as an obligatory subject in all the schools along the coast.

Meanwhile, though we remember the exquisite church architecture of Trogir (Treu), Sibenik (Sebenico), Zadar (Zara), and Dubrovnik (Ragusa), it is right for us also to remember that, side by side with Italian culture (and not



in conflict with it, until the regrettable and futile feuds of the last generation), an ancient Slav culture has existed on the Dalmatian coast. The Glagolitic or ancient Slavonic rite has been chanted in many churches of the Dalmatian islands and mainland for over a thousand years. Marko Marulic, a native of Spalato, published his epic poem, "Judith," as early as 1521. In the early seventeenth century the independent Republic of Ragusa (Dubrovnik) produced a remarkable group of Serbo-Croat poets, notably the famous Gundulic, whose masterpieces, inspired by the genius of Tasso, have none the less a high originality of their own. At that time the poetical output of the single town of Ragusa was equal to that of all Germany. A century later, the Franciscan friar, Kacic, a Croat from Makarska in Dalmatia, gave a fresh impetus to popular poetry among the Serbo-Croats. In recent times Dalmatia has produced at least three poets of eminence: Count Medo Pucic, Count Ivo Vojnovic, and Antony Tresic-Pavicic (the two latter now in Austrian prisons). The Dalmatian artists, Bukovac, Medovic, and Vidovic, have won a name outside their native provinces as worthy successors of the Croat-born Carpaccio and Schiavone. In a word, to claim Dalmatia for Italy because the Italian language has long been the *lingua franca* of the educated class (and long may this continue), is like claiming Potsdam for France because Frederick the Great was saturated with French culture and preferred the French language to his own.

Mr. del Re's formula for solving the Adriatic problem appears to be a suppression of all reference to the Croats. (He refers to Serbia as "not a sea-faring nation," but I cannot suppose that he is ignorant of the part played as seamen by the Croats of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Istria; for they and the Italians of Trieste and Istria form the backbone of the Austrian mercantile marine and navy.) This is a fatal attitude, and all lovers of Italy should unite in beseeching her to moderate her ambitions. Happily, there is in Italy a growing perception of the fact that an understanding between Italy and Serbia is a vital necessity of the near future; but such an understanding is at once impossible and worthless unless it includes the Croats also. Austria has failed to solve the Southern Slav question, because she tried to do so on a purely Croat basis; and any attempt to solve it on a purely Serb basis is as certainly foredoomed to failure. Only on a Southern Slav or Serbo-Croat basis can success be attained. That the statesmen of Serbia fully realize this, is proved by Mr. Pasic's famous declaration last November in favor of Southern Slav unity. There are also good grounds for the belief that the wise and far-seeing statesmen in whose hands the destinies of Italy now rest are also not to be betrayed by racial illusions into an adventure which could only end in disaster, but are resolved to lay the foundations of a lasting understanding between the Latin and the Slav world. It is in the power of Italy to prevent Serbo-Croat unity, but only by bolstering up the sinking ship of Austria. Dalmatia must either become part of the new Southern Slav State, or it must remain in the hands of its present possessor.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. SETON-WATSON.

April 7th, 1915.

#### ENEMY SUBMARINES AND ENGLAND'S FUTURE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Enemy submarine torpedo-boats are not likely, during the present war, to affect our supremacy at sea or to keep any of our mercantile ships in harbor. It would seem that torpedo-boat destroyers and bombs dropped by aviators are, so far, the most effective means of dealing with hostile under-water craft, and the destructive results have, on the whole, been satisfactory. They are satisfactory because Germany appears, at present, to have only a limited number of submarines available for the work prescribed by her "blockade"; but it is a matter for serious thought to conjecture what is likely to happen if Germany, after peace has been declared, proceeds actively with the building of submarines, and adds, in the process of time, five hundred or more to her number. How are we to meet this possible menace to our sea-borne trade?

Various new schemes have been suggested for dealing with the submarine pest, but so far none of them appear to have materialized. There are people who think that a torpedo might be deflected in its course by means of rays or ethereal waves, but it is difficult to imagine how a projectile weighing a ton and travelling under water at about forty knots could thus be deviated in its track.

A brilliant novelist, a friend of mine, said to me the other day that he thought the Admiralty should secure a number of Mr. Simon Lake's submarines, which are navigable, on wheels, at the bottom of the sea, and then fix to them very powerful magnets, which would attract hostile submersible craft in their vicinity. As this type of Lake submarine is provided with an air-lock and diving compartment, a door can be opened, and the crew, by donning diving suits, can walk on the bottom of the ocean for the purpose of cutting cables and planting mines. So, my friend thinks, that once the powerful magnets, like an octopus, could get the enemy submarine in their grip, the crew could proceed to bore holes in her, so that she could never again rise to the surface. It is a magnificent idea, but I am afraid we shall only read of its success in the pages of some modern Jules Verne romance.

To proceed to practical things, there is every reason to have great faith in the future usefulness of the electric oscillator, for any vessel equipped with it can hear the propeller movements of a submarine at a distance of two miles, and this distance is likely to be increased in the near future to at least five miles. It is obvious that the oscillator provides a ship with ears, and it should prove a most baffling instrument to the submarine in search of prey.

In addition to increasing greatly the number of our torpedo-boat destroyers, and, perhaps, building very swift armed vessels for the special purpose of chasing submarines and worrying them on their beats, there will, doubtless, be other and better inventions for coping with the pest; but I think the advisability of making submersible a considerable number of steamships which are built in future should be considered seriously by the shipping world.

The idea may not be so practical as it seems, principally on account of expense and limited cargo-carrying capacity, but if it is, it should be most effective in circumventing an enemy nation which hopes, by means of its submarines, to bring us to our knees through starvation caused by our ships being unable to put out to sea.—Yours, &c.,

THE EDITOR, "FLEETS OF THE WORLD."

36, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

April 6th, 1915.

#### "GARBLED HISTORY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Do not let us garble history. I notice in a recent issue "It offers as evidence that Serbia wished to fight Austria an account by Miss Durham of drunken Montenegrins yelling round a parcel post office."

The post office officials in question—inside the post office, by the way—were not drunk at all, except with self-conceit, nor was the rest of the company. They certainly most explicitly stated that it was the intention of the Serb peoples to set Europe on fire, and that they should begin in Bosnia.

But this was not an isolated case. I heard the necessity of fighting Austria often discussed. Petar Plamenatz (Minister of Foreign Affairs) told me frequently that the Serbs had made a great mistake in not fighting Austria in 1908. It was a common boast that Cattaro could be taken in twenty-four hours.

The assault by the Serbs on the Austrian Consul at Prizren was at the time represented to me as a direct attack on Austria, and Austria was greatly jeered at for being afraid to go to war then. Serb, as well as Montenegrin, officers talked freely about their next war (which was to be with Austria). Marching to Vienna, and setting Europe on fire, were some of their favorite topics of conversation.

Italy, moreover, was deep in intrigue with Serbia against Austria. What her secret understanding is, we shall learn later. Time alone can show which of the parties to the present war is most guilty. Serbia opened the ball, and the rest rushed in.

Blind and foolish terror of each other is a possible



cause. I gathered from talk with a good many representatives of Austria and Russia in the Near East that each party—Teuton and Slav—dreaded the other, and that each desired to get in its blow before the other was too strong. Terror of the growing power of the Serb was marked among Austrians.

As for "Garbled History," what is more garbled than the polychromatic books issued by various Governments? Does any sane person believe that any Government publishes anything but papers likely to represent its own actions in the most favorable light? Are they not all "garbled history"? A hundred years hence, when the secret documents, plots, and intrigues come to light, posterity may be able to judge. To attempt to apportion blame on the correspondence of a few days is idle, for the present situation was brought about by the misunderstandings of years. Our present task should be to try and avoid such misunderstandings in the future.

A hundred years ago, terrified by "Bonaparte," we helped the Germans to slaughter Frenchmen. Sixty years ago we helped the French slaughter Russians. To-day we aid French and Russians to slaughter Germans. We dance in a bloody circle, yelling "It isn't me, it's the other boy!"

Posterity will find it hard to find any guiltless party in that dance, save Belgium. Perhaps she will shrug her shoulders and regard the whole as a recurrent epidemic of homicidal mania, or an acute inflammation produced by the blind warring of myriads of microbes. And may be that is the only charitable view to take.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. DURHAM.

#### OVERWORK AND DRINK.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the report given in the "Daily News" of Tuesday, 30th ult., of the statements made by the deputation which on the previous day waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer in advocacy of total prohibition, occurs the following sentence: "In spite of working night and day seven days a week, less productiveness was being secured from the men." Your note in THE NATION of April 3rd confirms this.

The deputation laid stress on the proportion of the loss which was caused by drink. They were right, but is there not another important factor in the case? Experience in many different kinds of labor has, I believe, shown that continuous working of man or beast always, in a not very long run, produces less than can be obtained from the same number of men or animals, when they are allowed one day in seven for rest. Physiologists also, I believe, agree that continuous labor rapidly wears down the physical frame and the power of working, while the one day's rest in seven repairs the waste and starts the worker again with renewed strength.

Quite apart, then, from the value of Sunday rest in a spiritual point of view, is it not a waste of our most precious national material asset, the lives of our working men, to use them up so recklessly? The sentence quoted above should more rightly read—"In consequence of" than "In spite of."

The evil of overtime and continuous work is doubtless enormously aggravated by the use of alcoholic stimulants. The maximum product will assuredly be obtained by abstinence from beer and spirits, combined with a rest of one day in seven.—Yours, &c.,

W. STEADMAN ALDIS.

Tenterden, April 5th, 1915.

#### THE CASE OF MRS. JOHN CHAPMAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you will allow me to make an appeal in your paper for the widow of a man who, in the middle of the last century, was associated with the most eminent literary notables of his time.

Three months ago, at the age of eighty-two, Mrs. Hannah Chapman, widow of Dr. John Chapman, the founder and editor of the "Westminster Review," was received into the Hammersmith Workhouse.

Since the death of her husband she had supported her-

self by editing the "Review," but a year ago its publication ceased. During the last three years she had lived with kindly working-people in a little house near to Shepherd's Bush. On the front door there is still a brass plate with "Westminster Review" engraved on it, and literary contributions are still delivered there. But she had become too feeble for the task of editing the "Review," and at last the day came when, no longer able to support herself, she had reluctantly to allow herself to be removed to the Hammersmith Workhouse.

I saw her there soon after her arrival, seated at a table in a ward with rows of old women, all dressed alike in pauper costume, a little three-cornered shawl over her shoulders, and a starched white cap on her head, retaining in the workhouse all the beautiful dignity of a charming old lady seated in her own drawing-room. She knew my name and welcomed me with pleasure, begging me, however, to do what I could to get her away from her present surroundings.

The next time I saw her she was ill in bed in a little side ward, which she shared with an old Dutch woman. Being almost a vegetarian she wanted vegetarian food, and, contrary to all the rules set down by the Local Government Board for the regulation of workhouses, on my next visit I took her some fruit, and some brown bread and butter to replace the white bread and margarine which is the regulation fare.

If Mrs. Chapman were a widow of an officer of the Army or Navy or of a minister of any religious denomination, a pension or home would be available, but poor Mrs. Chapman, like her husband, is an avowed Agnostic, and a devoted follower of her husband's contemporaries—Huxley, Spencer, and John Stuart Mill. No pension, therefore, and no home, is available for Mrs. Chapman, and it is only to those who remember and appreciate the great work done in the last century on behalf of freedom and human progress by her husband and his contemporaries that I can venture to appeal; but to them I do strongly appeal to stop this scandal of an old lady, almost the last surviving member of a distinguished circle, ending her own last days unfriended, a pauper in a London workhouse.

A guaranteed subscription of £100 a year would place her in comfort for the few remaining years of her life.—Yours, &c.,

ANNE CORDEN-SANDERSON.

319, St. James's Court, S.W.

#### Poetry.

##### QUO VADITIS?

"WHERE do ye go  
Pale line of broken men?"  
We only know  
To die. Could we die twice we'd die again.

"Wherefore?" The call  
Of a strange voice—was it of death or birth?  
Came to us all  
To all of us, the men of all the earth.

"And to what end?"  
We ask not, but we see  
The self-same light which kindles in our friend  
Shine from the faces of our enemy.

"Same light, same doom;  
And for what purpose?" Deep  
We lie in the same womb  
The slain—the slain, together in one sleep.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "France in Danger." By Paul Vergnet. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Interpretation of History." By L. Cecil Jane. (Dent. 5s. net.)  
 "Russian Realities." By John Hubback. (Lane. 5s. net.)  
 "Bulgaria." By Frank Fox. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Earth: Its Life and Death." By A. Berget. (Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Woman's Mysteries of a Primitive People." By D. Amaury Talbot. (Cassell. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Unmaking of Europe." By P. W. Wilson. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "A Guide to the English Language." Edited by H. C. O'Neill. (Jack. 5s. net.)  
 "Sir Edward Grey." (Newnes. 2s. 6d. net.)  
 "Loneliness." By Robert Hugh Benson. (Hutchinson. 6s.)  
 "The German Lieutenant, and Other Stories." By August Strindberg. (Laurie. 6s.)

HAZLITT's opinion that some of the old books that have disappeared are better than many of the new books that appear, is shared by a number of people who will welcome an essay which Mr. Havelock Ellis contributes to the April number of "The Nineteenth Century." For Mr. Ellis's purpose is to revive a book which once had a great vogue, and which he describes as "a comic masterpiece, in its own way among the best of English novels." This novel—"a many-sided picture of old English life which can scarcely be equalled"—is called "The Spiritual Quixote." Its author, the Rev. Richard Graves, was a friend of Pope's "low-born Allen," and for more than half a century he held the living of Claverton, near Bath, from which parish, as his epitaph records, "during fifty-five years he was not at any one time absent for the space of a month." Although Graves was a voluminous writer and associated with many of the leading men of letters of his time, very little has been written about him. He would make a capital subject for one of Mr. Austin Dobson's eighteenth-century vignettes. Meanwhile, the reader who seeks information about Graves has the "Remains" of the Rev. F. Kilvert, Graves's successor at Claverton, the "Dictionary of National Biography," Mr. Havelock Ellis's essay, a chapter in Mr. W. H. Hutton's pleasant collection of "Burford Papers," and a couple of pages by the same writer in the tenth volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature."

"THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE," which should not be confused with Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's "The Female Quixote," was first published in 1773, and after running through numerous editions, and having been translated into German and Dutch, has remained neglected by publishers since 1812, when it was reprinted in Mrs. Barbauld's "British Novelists." It was written as a satire on the Methodists, and narrates the adventures of Geoffry Wildgoose and his cobbler Squire, Jeremiah Tugwell, the former of whom having been wrongly accused by his mother's chamber-maid, set forth on a mission for the restoration of primitive Christianity. The "saint-errant" and his Sancho Panza, after finding themselves in a number of ludicrous situations, get cured of their craze and finally settle down in the country. While the book makes fun of the Methodist preachers and their followers, Graves's satire is usually good-natured. He always respected genuine piety, and, as Mr. Hutton says, "he could never get rid of the conviction that, in spite of irregularities, Methodism was showing the parish clergy how to do their duty."

ONE need hardly remark that it is not for its satire on Methodism that "The Spiritual Quixote" deserves to be read to-day. In order to understand the book, Graves explains in his introduction, the reader "should have dipped into the Bible sometimes, or at least should have occasionally conversed with those who have." But its present interest lies in the pictures which it gives of the social life of the period, of travellers, and inns and inn-keepers, and the crowd of characters resembling those that delight us in the pages of Fielding and Smollett. To quote again from Mr. Hutton:—

"It is the picture of English country life which makes the book so delightful—the long walks, the scenes and sounds agricultural, the squires and farmers and milkmaids; the Cotswold Games on Dover's hills, the Shakespeare Jubilee; and the town sights, too; Bath, like Jerusalem, set about with hills; Gloucester and the 'Bell,' which no one will forget to visit for Mr. Whitefield's sake—and he was at Pembroke with Graves—Bristol, Tewkesbury, Stratford-on-Avon, and—in country again—the Leasowes, where Mr. Shenstone is found at work on his gardens, his statues, and his urns, and combats Mr. Wildgoose's enthusiastic notions, not without the aid of an amicable supper and a cool tankard."

How comes it that a book which Mr. Havelock Ellis can describe as not only much more various, but more modern than "Joseph Andrews" or "Humphrey Clinker," has become so completely forgotten as not to have been reprinted for more than a century? Mr. Ellis sets it down in part to the fact that the occasional picturesque touches to be found in Graves, and his little audacities of expression, were out of harmony with the Victorian epoch. Besides this, Graves took no trouble to build up a reputation for himself. "The Spiritual Quixote," like most of his other books, was published anonymously, and was dedicated by the author to "Monsieur Pattypan, Pastry-cook to His Most Sacred Majesty King George the Second, in the hope that that official was 'not overstocked with waste-paper by my brethren of the quill.'" Now that Mr. Ellis has directed attention to the merits of "The Spiritual Quixote," we may hope that some publisher will give us a reprint. And there are other books by the same "little, round, oily man of God" that might merit attention. There is "Columella, or the Distressed Anchorite," which gives an entertaining account of Shenstone and other members of the Warwickshire Coterie, there is "Plexippus, or the Aspiring Plebeian," a book so rare that even several of our great libraries are without a copy; and there is "The Invalid, with the Obvious Means of Enjoying Health and Long Life," in which one may find a refutation of the medical view held by many of Graves's contemporaries that "a bottle of port at dinner and a pint at night are absolutely necessary for health."

"THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW" is this year celebrating its hundred years of existence by the issue of special "centennial" numbers, and in the third of these Lord Bryce gives expression to some "Stray Thoughts on American Literature." Among the changes that have passed upon the literary output of the United States during the past forty years, Lord Bryce gives first place to the closer relation that now exists between American and British literature. To-day, he says, people in Britain read books published in America, and Americans read books published in Britain, far more generally than was ever the case before. The taste and the criticism of each country are more influenced by those of the other. As regards "solid literature" the chief characteristic of the American output is the attention given to historical investigation and "the large crop that is being raised in the field of economics and of the social sciences in their application to social progress."

BOTH in fiction and in literary criticism, Lord Bryce is impressed by the care and finish to be found in the American contribution:—

"The American novel," he writes, "is now no longer content to depict phases of local life, though that is still effectively done, and the romantic element that has long been associated with the Far West is now so fast fading away that it will soon cease to be available for 'local color.' But several of the best writers of to-day are grappling with the newer issues of life, in an imaginative way, and in a more 'continental' spirit, so to speak, than any of their predecessors. They are less influenced by French models than most of our English writers have been; and in their hands realism does not so much occupy itself with small details. One is now struck by the presence of what European travellers when they return from America used to complain of as wanting there; I mean delicate elaboration in workmanship."

Lord Bryce notices a similar advance in criticism, and inclines to attribute part of the credit for this to the high standard of book-reviewing maintained by Wendell P. Garrison in the New York "Nation."

PENGUIN.

## Reviews.

### THE PROSPECT FOR TRADE UNIONISM

"Trade Unionism." By C. M. LLOYD. (Black. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. LLOYD remarks in the preface to his book that it was written before the outbreak of war. There are books which the war has made obsolete, but this is a book which it is all the more important to read and study because the war has given a special significance to the problems it discusses. Some people think that the war will be followed by reaction, and that we shall pass through a period like that which followed Waterloo; others think that the war is bringing a change of heart, which will have great and beneficent consequences in our politics and social life. Some think that the working classes will be weaker and less able to defend themselves; others that the spirit and the sacrifice of the trenches will give them new energy and the resolution to claim a less meagre share in the riches and good life of the country for whose honor and future they have faced wounds and death. Whichever of these forecasts is true, it is essential that we should understand the nature of the machinery which the working classes have created and developed, the character of the problems to be considered by all who want to make that machinery more effective, and the different ideals to which men are looking in the future. For all these purposes Mr. Lloyd's book is admirable. It is interesting and lucid in its treatment of difficult and confusing detail; its form and arrangement are excellent; there are informing chapters on Continental experience, and the different points of view are presented and examined in a spirit that is conspicuously fair and unsectarian. It should be studied by all those who are asking for light and guidance on the most important of our domestic questions, the destiny of our trade unions.

The trade union has developed from a little club run on lines of primitive democracy, in which the officials, like the parish officers in the old village, served in rotation, while questions of every kind, such as the quantity of beer to be allowed to the executive, were referred to a referendum, into an institution resembling a State Department, with fixed headquarters and paid officials. There are, of course, great varieties of government and administration. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers has a paid Executive Council consisting of a Chairman and seven members (elected by ballot from the seven divisions into which Great Britain is divided) in daily attendance at headquarters. There is at the same time a General Secretary, with four assistants; a staff of twelve organizing district delegates, and a network of district committees. At the head of the whole organization are the Delegate Meeting and Final Appeal Court: the Delegate Meeting consists of one delegate for every 3,000 members chosen from equal electoral areas, with power to alter or rescind any rule, and the Final Appeal Court is a body just half the size which meets every two years and decides appeals against the rulings of the Executive Council. In the National Union of Railwaymen, on the other hand, the supreme government is entrusted to an annual meeting of representatives, sixty in number, elected by localities, with a general and assistant secretaries chosen by ballot of the whole society. The Amalgamated Association of Operative Cotton Spinners has a Parliament of representatives elected annually, appointing its own Executive Council and officers, who are responsible to this body. The Miners' Federation is ruled by a yearly conference. When it is added that the expenditure of the hundred principal unions in the year 1912 was just under four millions, and that the financial business, already very considerable, has been enormously increased and complicated for those that have become approved societies under the Insurance Act, it will be seen that the mass of merely administrative work thrown upon the officials and on the great body of non-commissioned officers in the local branches is very heavy indeed.

This is an aspect of trade union life which possesses a great importance for the atmosphere of administration, favors caution, conservative habits, and a disinclination to radical debate or amendment. Out of ten men whose busi-

ness is the administration of a Government Department or any large institution, nine will always come to think that there is some special sanction of nature or destiny behind the established method and the established system. And the leaders of this great world of trade unionists, which includes now four millions of men and women, have to settle questions that are more difficult than the questions that confront a Parliament which is bestowing or reconstructing a constitution. For readers of Mr. Cole's book on "The World of Labor," the most important and powerful book on the labor question published since "Industrial Democracy," are aware of the immense problem that confronts trade-union statesmanship. Roughly, we may say the problem is this. The trade-union movement, older in Britain than anywhere else, suffers from a lamentable loss of power, because its strength for the purposes both of the economic struggle and the political struggle is broken up and dispersed over a number of separate and often competing organizations, and because it is not inspired by a deliberate and capital aim for labor as a whole. Under the present arrangements, we miss the advantages of the centralized organizations of Germany, of the passion for freedom and the initiative of France. Of the separate trade unions, numbering well over a thousand, very many are catering for the same classes of workers in the spirit of tradesmen, and there exists no power of enforcing the common interest against their rivalries and jealousies. The first problem to be solved is the problem of organizing the several classes of workpeople in one industry in one union, with due provision for the several crafts. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers tried to absorb the host of metal workers' unions, but it failed to give them adequate representation, and consequently many of the smaller unions have stood outside. The National Union of Railwaymen has come nearer to success, and the Miners' Associations might readily become a complete industrial union. If there is still this problem to be solved in the structure of the individual union, there are vital questions also to be answered about the relation of the trade unions to one another, to the co-operative movement, and to the State.

It is obviously absurd that there should be two bodies, the Parliamentary Labor Party and the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress doing the same work; that trade unionists should not here, as in Belgium, draw any help from the co-operative movement in their general activities, and still more in the crisis of a strike; that unions representing industries dependent on each other should not discuss and arrange their strategy in common, and that the more powerful trade unions should not throw themselves into the work of organizing trade unionism where the circumstances are more difficult. In all these directions, something has been attempted in recent years. There have been negotiations with the Co-operative Union, there has been an important treaty between miners, railwaymen, and transport workers; there has been the striking success of the Transport Workers' Federation. The comparative failure of Labor in Parliament has stimulated this constructive work outside.

There are, side by side, the Trade Union Congress, to which the bulk of the unions are affiliated (the Amalgamated Society of Engineers is an important exception), and the General Federation of Trade Unions—established in 1899, "to uphold the rights of combination of labor," and among other things, to prevent internal quarrels—which represents rather less than a million of trade unionists. It is obvious that trade unionism should have one supreme council in the industrial sphere, and that the work for which the General Federation was started (and for which it has worked with great spirit and energy), mutual support in strikes, justice and peace between different unions, propaganda and the organization of backward unions, should be conducted with the united power of the whole movement.

And behind all these questions of trade-union organization, there awaits us the great question of the place of the trade unions in the State. Are they to supersede it? Are they to wage eternal war against it? No; but they are to take their share in its direction. Mr. Lloyd, who discusses the controversies of the last few years in a judicial spirit, rejects the Syndicalist theory of the complete autonomy of the producers' group, but he is in full sympathy with the Syndicalist contention that the worker must aim, not merely



at better wages and better conditions, but at control over the conditions of his work. And he looks to the gradual transfer to the trade unions of some of the functions of government, such as the administration of Factory Acts and Coal Mines Regulations, and the management of Labor Exchanges. Is it not possible that the experience of the war may prove a valuable education for all classes in the right uses of these organs of industrial democracy?

### ATROCITIES.

"Rada: A Belgian Christmas Eve." By ALFRED NOYES.  
(Methuen. 4s. 6d. net.)

MR. NOYES'S drama is, of course, concerned with the German conquest of Belgium. It is written with great earnestness, and there is an impulse of real indignation perceptible in it. That is only what one would expect of a poet so humane in his general outlook and so especially devoted to the cause of peace as Mr. Noyes. But Mr. Noyes, though his work has not been very notable for the quality of its substance, has a wide and certainly not undeserved reputation as a craftsman; and it is not at all what one would have expected, to find his earnestness and his indignation, with such a rousing theme to move them as Belgium violated, working to so thin and mediocre a result as "Rada." We have said that the emotion behind the writing is real enough; but there are times when its expression reads like simulated emotion. And it is because the craftsmanship is, surprisingly, so inefficient; the language has not been made answerable to the emotion.

The book contains, beside the play itself, a Dedication (to the Deity), a Prelude, and an Intercession. There is nothing extraordinary in the matter of any of these pieces. We do not complain of this; the merest commonplace of the business on which Europe is now engaged is, heaven knows, terrific enough for the most ambitious poetry. What we do complain of is that this commonplace—the commonplace of opinions and rumors about the war—has not been kindled into poetic significance by any vigor of imagination. The substance of the play has not been lifted above the level of serious gossip; intellectually, some of it is, we should hope, rather below the level of the average serious gossip. Mr. Noyes was determined to make us realize the Belgian horror; but his method is precisely what we are already familiar with—the method of the newspapers. The play gives us a circumstantial account of an atrocity (with allusions to several others) supposed to have been committed by German soldiers in their invasion of Belgium; and Mr. Noyes trusts to the mere brutal weight of the abomination of the thing for his effect on our minds. A party of drunken soldiers break into a house with the intention of violating a girl twelve years old; they are foiled by the mother, who manages to shoot the child and herself. That is the gist of Mr. Noyes's drama. Except for the dramatic form, and the verse that is mixed in with the prose, we read it as we read any other account of a German atrocity; it carries just as much conviction, and its effect, if we believe in it, is just the same; we determine, perhaps, to make a strong recruiting speech, or to subscribe to a relief fund. Or perhaps we do not believe in it, and prefer to wait for incontestable proofs. But a poet should do better than the newspapers. It is not his business to batter us with circumstantial atrocities. If he was for forcing us to realize this war, he could be as horrible as he pleased; but he ought to make us irresistibly feel that his substance, whether it had actually occurred or not, is one of the hideous possibilities of war. He ought to convince us that war, by its mere nature, can, and too probably does, unchain all the villainess that sticks in human nature; that this is what decent people do and decent people endure, under the hellish incantation of war. And no one will blame him if he adds that war is especially hellish when it is waged by Germany. But Mr. Noyes only makes us feel that if the substance of his play did happen, it was a villainously bad business; but that if it did not actually happen, the whole thing falls to the ground. Beyond the mere externals of an alleged atrocity, we are left with nothing of what poetry and drama ought to accomplish on such an occasion; no sense of essential tragedy, as of the

harmony of things turned by a single event into dreadful discord, no far-reaching spiritual implications and accusations, no vivid revelation of what went on in the souls of those who perpetrated and suffered—not even a clear sight of the kind of folks they were. Instead of such realization as that, the atrocity is enforced on us by this sort of decoration:—

"You should have seen our brave soldiers laughing—do you remember Brander—at a little village near Termonde. They made the old vicar and his cook dance naked round the dead body of his wife, who had connived at the escape of her daughter from a Prussian officer. . . . It was brutal, I confess, but better than British hypocrisy, eh? There was something great about it, like the neighing of the satyrs in the Venusberg music."

We may believe or not in the sufferings of this married Belgian vicar. The incident has not a historical air; it was only put in, we guess, to color the portrait of German civilization given in the persons of two student-soldiers, who talk in a horrid manner, and make free with the infernal names of Schopenhauer and Goethe. The portrait does not help us to any deeper realization of German atrocities; but it does help us to realize that the purpose of the play is, *mutatis mutandis*, that of Herr Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate"—but carried out, unfortunately, with inferior poetic competence.

One single effort Mr. Noyes has made to give his atrocity more than its obvious newspaper significance; but it is a very mechanical effort. Plainly, the thing to do is to bring the manners of German soldiers bent on atrocities into contrast with Christianity; and, ideally for this purpose, the atrocity ought to take place on Christmas Eve. Chronology is against that; so Mr. Noyes brings on to his stage a lunatic who has the convenient delusion that it is always Christmas Eve. The irony is too forced to be effective; the lunatic is too palpably a device, and not a particularly ingenious one. And he is not improved by the laborious craziness of his early chatter, in which he parodies German "realism"; here, too, he is obviously a mere megaphone for Mr. Noyes's own sentiments. But the incident of the gramophone playing Christmas carols at the end of the play is, certainly, a moment of significant drama, a moment which might conceivably "save" the play on the stage. But, in reading, it does little to remove the impression that there is no solidity of dignified reflection underneath the thing as a whole; the inspiration seems to have hastily boiled up in Mr. Noyes's mind, and to have been as hastily roughed out in dramatic shape. The Dedication and the Prelude are as disappointing as the play; they add nothing to our spiritual apprehension of the war, nor do they noticeably help to make it articulate. The one piece in the book that has some dignified reflection behind it, and lifts us to a wider outlook than that maintained in everyday conversation, is the "Intercession," a solemn and impassioned litany which prays "both for foe and friend." It has one lapse, however, which betrays hasty conception. The entreaty which, in slightly varying terms, concludes each verse,

"Master, hear,

Both for foe and friend, our prayer,"

is addressed, eight times out of nine, to God; but in one verse, the penultimate, the personality so addressed, without any alteration of tone or faith, is England. A litany which puts England and the Deity on precisely identical terms as the object of impassioned prayer must surely be considered to have so far failed in seriousness.

But there is a conception animating the whole book which partially explains such a lapse as this, and explains also the ineffectiveness of its main item, the play itself. The conception we mean is Mr. Noyes's general idea of the present war. Behind the German he sees a more sinister and a more mysterious foe, the devil of the piece. We would all like to know who the devil of this hellish harlequinade may be; the common suggestions as to his identity are rather desperate. Mr. Noyes's answer will not, we hope, satisfy many people. The shadowy fiend who has set this war going is, according to him, a dreadful entity called Intellect; it is against Intellect that England is really fighting. The exact nature of this fiend does not clearly appear; though we gather that it is a style of thinking that does not agree with Mr. Noyes's own style. But it is to be feared that, on the whole, Mr. Noyes means by Intellect pretty well what

anybody else would mean. It is not likely that a person who so conceives of the war will be able to write of it to profitable and illuminating result. And it is, perhaps, just as unlikely that poetry, in the narrowest sense of the word, will be willing to come to his help; and lack of poetry, of the vivid life of thought and language, is the worst defect the book has—and the most surprising to anyone who admires Mr. Noyes's unquestionable gifts. With poetry, even momentary poetry, to carry it off, the gravest faults of conception and idea might have excused the book. But poetry is most conspicuously what we do not get. For a genuine hostility to Intellect (and it seems quite genuine) cannot but be a depressing and numbing passion, which will easily stifle, even when the poet is all unaware of the process, the subtle vitality of poetry. We must hope that this is only one more of the many temporary unsettlements caused by the war.

## TWO ENGLISHMEN IN RUSSIA.

"Thirty-five Years in Russia." By GEORGE HUME. (Simpkin, Marshall. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Friendly Russia." By DENIS GARSTIN. (Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE two books before us are typical, each of the different appeal of business and pleasure that Russia normally makes to the English people. Russia is still the great unknown to Western eyes, and its literature and its art carry us outside our prepossessions and prejudices, and offer us new ranges of spiritual valuations, strange vistas, and new affirmations. Mr. Denis Garstin was drawn to Russia, doubtless, by that growing instinct in our young people, that the country and the people provide a corrective to the tameness and lack of emotional stimulus of English life. Mr. George Hume, however, took up serious work in Russia much in the same spirit as those adventurous Scots of the seventeenth century who settled down in Muscovy.

Nothing, indeed, could help more to bring the two countries together than an annual influx of young Englishmen into Russia to take up posts as estate managers, engineers, and pioneers in British trade. The Englishman's honesty, steadiness, and general reliability give him a peculiar value in Russian eyes, and he is well qualified to fill a multitude of posts that have hitherto fallen to the persevering German. Ignorance of the Russian language, and a crying lack of commercial machinery for the advancement of British trade have hitherto kept the young Briton out of Russia. The lower standard of business integrity and the prevalence of "bribery and corruption" in many ranks have also to be taken into account, as Mr. Hume emphasizes in several passages. Mr. Hume's own career is, however, a good example of how British energy can overcome serious obstacles to success and yield solid benefits to a large circle. The author, a young Scottish engineer, arrived in Odessa in 1857 in part charge of a new paddle steamer for the Russian Steam Navigation Company, and after trials of the vessel, was invited to become its chief engineer. Friction with the director, a Russian military colonel, who took men off the pressing job of repairs to the engine of the mail boat in order to make a paper-weight for his own use, led to Mr. Hume's resignation, and after some exciting trips in the Black Sea, he started with a partner in the business of introducing reaping and threshing machines into Southern Russia.

One of his early experiences of the little ways of the Russian official was with a police inspector, who first tried to swindle him by setting the Scotsmen to thresh out dilapidated cornstacks which were another man's property, and next instigated peasants to come at night and cart away a portion of the threshed corn. The Scotsmen, however, lay in wait for, and secured one of the robbers, and, on the police inspector arriving, "and reviling the prisoner in the foulest language and ordering his arrest," Mr. Hume, at the end of an altercation, dragged the inspector from his horse and gave him a sound horsewhipping. A friendly landowner effected a partial reconciliation between the combatants six weeks later, and many years afterwards, the inspector turned up again, embraced Mr. Hume with effusion, and announced that he had married a French lady, and that his two sons were being educated in Paris. A typical old-time official! A somewhat similar episode was that of a Baron of very high family, who made a contract with the

Scotsmen for the purchase of machines at £700, after a given trial on his estate, but before a few weeks were up, Mr. Hume received notice that the machines had been seized by the Baron's Jewish creditors, and would be duly sold by auction. The Baron disappeared promptly, and the Scotsmen would have been left heavy losers, had not Mr. Hume accidentally learned of the Baron's arrival at the Grand Hotel for a night, and confronted him with the contract and a demand for settlement. The Baron obligingly yielded, "took out of his pocket a large bundle of hundred-rouble notes (ten pounds each), and paid me in full!" He was on his way to Paris. It turned out subsequently that the estate was not the Baron's at all, but the property of a young widow to whom he had been paying court. Having tricked this unfortunate lady into a legal contract to give over the estate to him for a period of years, the Baron had sold off all the movable property on the estate, and was proceeding to realize on the corn. Once safe in Paris, the Baron defied the widow, who eventually had "to forego all indemnities for the wrong done her, and in addition, pay a large sum to recover the estate!" A good instance of the impediments put in the way of the enterprising Englishman in Russia is contained in the account of the jealousy of the Russian mining inspectors at the success of Mr. Hughes, of the New Russia Company. It was only the visit of the Grand Duke Constantine to inspect the Company's property that laid at rest the widespread reports that all the cast-iron it had produced at Hughesovka had been imported from England. The Company's success was, however, so great that our author tells us "on the spot where now stand the immense works of Hughesovka, employing from 20,000 to 25,000 men, and with a township of over 50,000 inhabitants, there was at that time (of my first visit) only a shepherd's hut, with flocks of sheep grazing on the open steppe."

On internal politics Mr. Hume, like a wise man, expresses himself in cautious terms. He, however, makes it clear that he disapproves as strongly of Nihilists and Revolutionaries as of the despotic conduct of the central and local administration and the repressive laws directed against the Poles and other subject-races. Mr. Hume makes no direct allusion to the course of events since 1891, but his remarks on "the necessity of justice and of respect and obedience to the law," are curiously in keeping with Mr. Baring's chapter, "Causes of Discontent," in "The Mainstays of Russia," published last year. On the Jewish question, Mr. Hume sums up slightly in favor of the Government, but considers that the Administration and the Jews have got into a vicious circle of repression and parasitism, and that "the mutual distrust and antagonism arising from economic sources requires drastic amendment." He suggests that the root of the evil lies in the peasant's crying need for more land, and is convinced that "it would be not only more humane but more economical to transfer many peasants to the vast plains of Siberia and Turkestan than to sell up their samovars and their poor simple belongings to satisfy the Government's demands for their arrears of taxation."

Here, again, as in the matter of education, the march of events has opened up new national vistas, and we turn to Mr. Garstin's pleasant pages to try and glean what was in the mind of "the average Russian" on the eve of the war. Mr. Garstin's æsthetic impressionism is too fluid to condense readily into definite views or opinions, and he is more interested in the unaffected hospitality, the charming simplicity, and "the pleasant, easy life of the peasant, easy people," to sound the deep currents of the picturesque national tide. However, in his chapter, "In God's Good Time," the talk of a progressive barber hits off happily enough the modern Russian's awakened faith in himself and his hopefulness of outlook. According to the barber, "a revolution is a change of power," and the rapid spread of commerce, industry, and education in Russia means the waning of the official's power. Mr. Garstin confirms the general report as to the simmering discontent of the people with the Administration immediately prior to the war, and his account of the war fever, of the patriotic demonstrations in Moscow, and the attack on the German Embassy at the declaration of war, gives a good idea of the enthusiastic swinging into line of all sections of the nation. The oration of the Russian student, standing on the plinth



of Skobeloff's statue, to the expectant crowd, to the effect that it is "a religious war, inspired by the spirit of Holy Russia, a war for Serbia's freedom, against all oppression," might, in fact, be a quotation from practically identical speeches made on the eve of the Russo-Turkish War of 1874. Mr. Garstin follows the line of least resistance when he argues that the main difference between the Russian soldier and the German lies in "the defence not of traditions, but of ideals . . . a war of the hopes of to-morrow against the teaching of yesterday, of mysticism against the rule of thumb." But even as the German's patriotic zeal "to offer himself on the altar of the Fatherland," is an expression of his aggressive thirst for world-power, so the Russian's belief in "a war of brotherhood," "a holy war," veils the depths of a recurring national ambition. It may be said for the Russian, however, that his bent is towards self-sacrifice, even when he realizes that this impulse is the string that resounds most sharply beneath the adroit fingers of his rulers. Mr. H. G. Wells's introduction may serve the purpose of selling Mr. Garstin's book, but his generalizations concerning "one of the most necessary and beneficial tasks of our time—the explanations of a people much maligned. . . ." are too much in the nature of a bucket of whitewash. We were not aware that the Russian people has ever been maligned; but if Mr. Wells wants to know who has most acutely coupled together the Government's "perilous illegality" with the average Russian's contempt for discipline, he must turn to Mr. Baring's "Mainsprings of Russia."

#### A FRIEND OF PHILIP II.

**"A Playmate of Philip II. Being the History of Don Martin of Aragon, Duke of Villahermosa, and of Dona Luisa de Borgia, his Wife."** By Lady MORETON. (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is unfortunate, but it is none the less natural, that we are inclined to submit all the new books that come our way to the common test of whether they can compete in interest with the living drama of the moment. No doubt the literature of the present period will reflect the war spirit, not in subject alone, but in a certain keying up of the pitch. It is inevitable that a revolution in our ways of thought so tremendous should influence all the arts, and in reading works completed before the autumn it is with something of a shock that one finds oneself back in the atmosphere of the spacious days before the war. This volume of biography, in its leisurely, unemotional narrative, has an air of remoteness, not so much from the period with which it deals, as from the spirit in which it is written.

Don Martin of Aragon had two claims to renown. He had, in the first place, as his wife, a very remarkable woman, a saintly member of the Borgia family, whose memoirs have been written more than once; but perhaps his best claim lies in the fact that, probably, he served Cervantes as the model for Don Quixote. There can be no certainty, at this distance of time, beyond the fact that Cervantes knew the castle or country house of the Villahermosa family which corresponds to the description of the theatre of so many adventures. There is some dispute among chroniclers as to whether a much younger duke and duchess were not the originals. As Don Martin was married at thirteen, his grandchildren were of marriageable age when he was still quite a young man; but, on the whole, the evidence is in favor of Don Martin himself having inspired the picture. The circumstances of his first marriage—his wife was twenty-six years of age and he himself not yet fourteen—led to many half-humorous, half-romantic stories being told about the household. Sometimes he became bored by the solemn people he was expected to entertain, and caused his gentle, sensitive wife agonies of apprehension lest it should be discovered that he had run off to play with the other boys. After a somewhat prolonged absence from home, an incident is related, quite in the romantic manner of the period, of a young and beautiful girl, habited as a page, being introduced among Don Martin's retinue on his return. Doña Luisa would seem to have handled the situation with a strange mixture of saintly and worldly wisdom, and, moreover, with so much courage and sympathy that she won the confidence and affection of both the wrongdoers. She charged herself with the girl's future

and that of her child. She directed that, as it was impossible for her any longer to bear the name of her own honorable family, "Ours shall be yours in future, and you shall be called Doña Maria of Aragon." . . . "God knows," she continued, "that I speak to you in kindness, and that before speaking I made up my mind to help you all I could. I am not astonished at your weakness, and only feel pity for it as a fellow-woman." Her address to her husband was on the same high plane. She spoke not as an injured wife, but as one having the credit of the name and family in her keeping. None could speak out of greater love, she could not allow things against her conscience and his. "God," she said, "does not wish me to allow them." It is small wonder if the Duke yielded absolutely to her wishes: "If one would not give in to such righteous force," he exclaimed, "to whom would one yield?"

This incident, at once the most human and the most dramatic in the whole volume, gives a picture of the time and an insight into the character of the woman who left her mark both on the period and the country, that is very illuminating in reviewing the dramatic literature of Spain. The comic opera page, who is a woman disguised, and the vein of pure tragedy and lofty morality in which the story comes to an end is in the very spirit of Calderon, which is so extraordinary and so baffling to the Northern student. We are accustomed to regard it as essential to good art to strike and keep firmly one key. In Spain, both in art and in real life, apparently, broad farce and high seriousness could be combined and reconciled. Perhaps if we could really understand the life and character of the time of Don Martin, we should understand as much as we love Don Quixote.

Lady Moreton has written a sympathetic and interesting book, attempting, as she says, to follow Southey's advice and "to omit none of those little circumstances which give life to narrative, and bring old manners, old feelings, and old times before young eyes." She has had access to family manuscripts never before published, and her work is enriched by reproductions from the pictures of a portrait painter of whom little is known, Rolam de Mois. But with all the pains that have been bestowed upon the work, it is doubtful whether the subject was really worth while. Don Martin was more notable for the people he came in contact with than for any achievements of his own. He was the playmate of Philip II.; he acted as escort for Christina of Denmark on a visit to France; he fought under the Duke of Alba and against Admiral Coligny; he was the friend of Titian, who gave him a picture: these are the facts about him that constitute his greatest claim to distinction, and in Lady Moreton's pleasant narrative full justice has been done to the varied material at her disposal.

#### A FRENCH HISTORY OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

**"The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century."** By PAUL THUREAU-DANGIN. Translated by WILFRED WILBERFORCE. (Simpkin, Marshall. 2 vols. 31s. 6d. net.)

M. THUREAU-DANGIN, the late Secrétaire Perpétuel of the French Academy, was a historian of the now obsolescent type whose religious and political bias was frankly disclosed. His able "History of the July Monarchy" was the medium for an almost unrestrained advocacy of constitutional monarchy and the principles of the Roman Catholic Church, and the latter of these characteristics is visible on almost every page of his bulky history of the Oxford movement which is now presented to English readers. To the majority of such readers the greater part of the contents of these volumes is already familiar. The condition of the English Church at the end of the eighteenth century (which M. Thureau-Dangin paints in rather too sombre colors), the distinguished group who frequented the Oriel Common-room, the agitations and excursions caused by Tract Ninety, the conversion of Newman and his followers, the persecutions of the early Ritualists and the audacities of their successors, and the controversy concerning the validity of Anglican Orders—M. Thureau-Dangin has repeated the story of all these episodes, relying mainly on the published biographies of their actors, and with an obvious hope that his work will conduce to the edification of the faithful. As a painstaking and, on the whole, accurate record of events, the book has its value. But it



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THE PRETENDER. By ROBERT W. SERVICE.

ARUNDEL. By E. F. BENSON. (Fourth Impression.)

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contributes little to an understanding of these events. Of Newman himself, the great protagonist of the drama, there is more real knowledge to be gained in M. Henri Brémont's little book than in these large volumes.

This is all the more to be regretted because the time has now come when a philosophical discussion of the changes wrought in English religious thought and habits by the Oxford Movement has become possible. Statistics as to the number of churches in which vestments are employed are of little interest. The activities of the Society of the Holy Cross, or the protests of the late Mr. Kensit, leave us cold. But we look in vain in M. Thureau-Dangin's book for any attempt to show how far the religious sense of the community has been deepened or the national conscience affected by the adoption of beliefs which find expression in Ritualistic practices. Perhaps, indeed, these beliefs have never been really held, and the religious convictions of the present day are not so far removed from those of the last generation as an examination of the furniture of our churches would lead one to conclude. This may be the true cause of the illogical attitude of the Ritualistic party, which so greatly perplexed M. Thureau-Dangin. How, he asks, can those for whom ceremonial is not merely the gratification of superficial piety be content with their position in the English Church? They find themselves there in company with men whose opinions differ from theirs, not merely on forms of worship, but on the fundamental doctrines represented by those forms.

"The so-called 'comprehensiveness,' founded on a kind of dogmatic eclecticism, seems nonsense to them. When they were threatened, in the beginning, with being refused their place in the Church, the tolerance extended to them seemed like a victory. But they could not consider that this tolerance gave them a normal position, or one in agreement with their principles. On the contrary, the very fact that they are tolerated constitutes a violation of these principles, since it supposes, on the part of the religious authorities, who have not excluded them, the idea that differences of dogma are matters of indifference and of secondary importance."

What is to be the issue from this position? M. Thureau-Dangin rightly believed that the Ritualists cannot hope to impose their Catholic ideas on the general body of Anglicans, though he was convinced that the day will come when the Catholic and Protestant elements now to be found in the Established Church must be separated. He refrained from predicting how this will take place, though he ended his book with an anecdote which indicates what his hopes were. Newman was once visited by two priests, one an American and the other a foreigner who could not speak English. Owing to the presence of the latter, the conversation was in Latin. When asked if the current which had brought so many Anglicans to their present position, was likely to carry them still further until they ended by reaching Catholicity, Newman answered "Spero fore." It is possible that that hope may be realized, but the present tone of English religious thought seems to show that the current is now setting in quite another direction.

#### TYPES.

"A Shadow of '57." By A. M. SCOTT MONCRIEFF. (Unwin. 6s.)

"A Lover's Tale." By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

"The Soul of England." By AUSTEN VERNEY. (Heath, Cranston & Ouseley. 6s.)

"Brunel's Tower." By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. MONCRIEFF'S novel is of a type as popular and prolific as blackberries. It is a study of Anglo-Indian society, in which the characters, with an incongruous India for a background, play their little shows of love, intrigue, and matrimony. David McLeod should have married Eleanor Dunlop, without all the ado of a novel written about them. But Mildred Bevan, who has Eurasian blood in her veins, and is, therefore, of course, unscrupulous, petty, jealous, ostentatious, and designing, intervenes. And the fact that David is the son of a woman who, in the Indian Mutiny, had abandoned the mother of (what a curious coincidence!) another aspirant to the hand

of Eleanor—is also of considerable assistance to a book which selects for its treatment the not altogether malleable material of civil and military society in India. For Mildred naturally acquaints David with the past, gets his high-mindedness and sense of heredity to work, and filches him from Eleanor. Happily, Mildred vanishes with a purse-proud globe-trotter, before our Anglo-Indians can be ruffled by anything so unconventional as a tragedy. "A Shadow of '57" is obedient to every canon and taboo of good form which have been laid down by its predecessors, since our occupation of India. Its microcosm is a charmed circle of elegant conformity. But it is not exhilarating.

Mr. Hewlett's latest romance professes to be a version of an Icelandic saga. "My business with it has been," says Mr. Hewlett, "to make it accountable, and relate part to part; for as it stands it is not reasonable; its parts do not cohere; it seems to lack human nature and that logic of events which only a study of human nature can give." So, Mr. Hewlett having supplied these deficiencies, we are entitled to regard him as responsible for the style, the method of presentation, and the interpretation of the original material. The tale is concerned with the loves, in terms of strategical manoeuvre, of Cormac and Stangerd. Both are highly objectionable figures. Cormac, who ill-treats Stangerd when she is his and persecutes her when she is out of his reach, reminds us far more of a distracted, sentimental Werther than of a simple Viking. Stangerd, who behaves abominably to her various husbands, reminds us far more of a modern scientific philanderer than of an Icelandic maid. Of course, it may be the saga, and then, again, it may be Mr. Hewlett. We are, to begin with, a little suspicious of an author like Mr. Hewlett, with his neo-medieval picturesqueness, trafficking with so blunt and plain-spoken a thing as a saga. And nobody need be in two minds about the style. It is Mr. Hewlett. It is simpler and less decorative than that usually affected by the author. But it is a long, long way from unreflecting folk-lore simplicity.

"The Soul of England" would be more interesting and significant work if it were not so dreadfully like a leading article. It is not a novel about people, but about "conflicting forces of the present day represented by the Services, the Leisured Class, Industrialism, and the Churches." There are, of course, characters, but they exist, not through their hearts, their brains, and their hands, but through their mouths. This is how they converse:—

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This of a house party:—

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This of a starry night:—

"The brilliant constellations of the Milky Way exhibited the Cosmos in its infinitude of splendor and mystery."

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And so on. Perhaps it is our prejudice; but a book composed entirely of leading articles, whatever the value of their contents, is too much for us.

In "Brunel's Tower," Mr. Phillpotts tells a tale of a pottery manufacturer, George Easterbrook, who takes into



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his employment a stray youth—Harvey Porter by name—of a brilliant but erratic disposition. Harvey plays a rather scurvy trick to make his benefactor more prosperous and is dismissed. But Easterbrook cannot do without his assistant, and Harvey, returning with him, rescues him from a train at the cost of his own life. There is a chorus of pottery workers who talk more native superstition than native wit; though Mr. Phillpotts writes about what he knows and is faithful to actual experience, it is an uninspired chronicle.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Lord Radstock." By Mrs. EDMUND TROTTER. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

LORD RADSTOCK was a remarkable man; and his biographer has successfully reproduced both his personality and his atmosphere: in its sympathy, sensitiveness, and candor she has given us such a record as he would have chosen. But the book is more than a personal memorial: it is a study in religious psychology; and it is from the psychological standpoint that such lives are best seen. The climate is that of the Golden Legend. "Ouvrage pieux," says so orthodox a writer as the Abbé Glaire of this famous work; "mais entièrement dépourvu de critique et de discernement. C'est un mélange perpétuel du vrai et du faux quant aux faits." A modern critic would be less summary. The question, Is it true? would not occur to him in this context. He would rather ask, What is the meaning? and, How did people come to express themselves in this way? A query may be sufficient answer to the facts as stated; but it does not touch the conditions out of which and under which the legends arise. We do not go for accuracy of statement to the enthusiast, who sees "men as trees walking," and life interfused with dream. But we may not dismiss his dreams out of hand as baseless: the primitive belief in the Parousia shows us the danger either of losing the substance or of stereotyping the form of spiritual truth. The latter lands us in superstition; the former in a rather arid rationalism. Modern religion oscillates between the two: hence its ineffectiveness; the want of solidity in its foundation and of inspiration in its air. As a rule, Lord Radstock, in a manner peculiar to himself, avoided both errors; and this was perhaps the secret of his undoubted spiritual power. He was by no means wanting either in common sense or in practical judgment; he was in many ways extremely human; he was indifferent to dogmas and sects. But from first to last he was an enthusiast, and could breathe only in an atmosphere of wonder. Two days only before his death he wrote: "In common with many others, I believe the Lord's Return is close at hand."

\* \* \*

"A Morning in My Library." By the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE. (The Times Book Club. 3s. 6d. net.)

In this little book Mr. Coleridge has brought together some of "the most uplifting passages of the writers of splendid English prose," to each of which he has written a few sentences by way of preface. The authors selected range from Sir Walter Raleigh to Mr. Belloc. One of the most original features of the little volume is the space given to orators whose work is not usually to be found in collections of English prose. Grattan, Erskine, Robert Hall, the first Lord Plunket, Brougham, and Shiel are all included, while America is represented by Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

### The Week in the City.

THE loss of gold of the last few weeks, due to the increasing cost of the war, which shows itself in increasing imports and diminishing exports, has led to a certain hardening in money and discount rates. And perhaps this may account for some reaction in Stock Exchange prices. There has been some demand for Russian Bonds, probably from those who anticipate the forcing of the Dardanelles.

#### NEW YORK AND LONDON.

The rapid strengthening of the financial position of New York in regard to Europe has been one of the most striking features of the war. At first, all exchanges were dislocated and the difficulties in New York were almost as great as in London. Threatened with a flood of European liquidation, New York Stock Exchange closed; but it reopened before the London Stock Exchange, and has already abolished minimum prices. American securities have found their level, and a confident feeling exists in Wall Street. Exports of American foodstuffs and munitions of war have been so large and lucrative that all the exchanges have turned in favor of New York, and for weeks past there has been an extraordinary depreciation of sterling exchange, the interest on our investments in the United States being insufficient to balance our imports from the United States. Of course at the same time owing to the diversion of so many large factories to the manufacture of war material we have been unable to maintain large exports of manufactured goods to America. At the same time it is interesting to note that a large number of British and other foreign vessels are being bought and registered month by month under the American flag.

#### RUBBER SHARE PROSPECTS.

In the last few months there has been a steady appreciation in the value of certain rubber shares, which has passed without a great deal of notice. In fact some investors who have been "nursing" rubber share holdings since the boom of 1910 are only just waking up to the fact that in many cases the prices of the shares they hold are within measurable distance of what they originally gave for them, unless they were so unlucky or misguided as to pay top prices for them. Anyway, first-class rubber shares can show far more satisfactory results to the holder as compared with July 30th prices than many so-called high-class investments. Patalings, for example, which were worth about 21s. 6d. last July are now round about 30s., Straits Bertam which were 2s. 9d. are now 4s. 3d., Chersonese have risen from 2s. to 3s. and there are several other examples of 50 per cent. rises which might be quoted. The reason for these advances is not to be found in any commensurate rise in the price of the commodity for the plantation article is only 3d. or 4d. per pound higher than it was last July; it lies rather in the annual reports which have recently been published, showing that some of the companies have been successful in reducing their costs to less than 1s. per pound. The Batu Caves and Patalings reports show costs of just under 10d. per pound and with the selling price at 2s. 5d. they can pay handsome dividends on a moderate capitalisation. This price cuts out some producers and though the position is most obscure, careful students of the situation do not think it possible for rubber to drop below 2s. per pound. The bargain hunter therefore is looking for companies with low costs of production whose shares give a fair yield on the dividends earned from half-crown rubber.

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